



No: CCXXX.]

Contents

[DECEMBER 1901

PAGE

The Gold-Stealers: a Story of Waddy 97

By EDWARD DYSON. Chaps. XXI.—XXV. (*Concluded.*)

The Love Affairs of Frances Cromwell 129

By Miss C. FELL SMITH

John Nolan's Inheritance 144

By J. WILLIAM BRESLIN

Letters of Lady Louisa Stuart to Miss Louisa Clinton 154

By Miss C. L. H. DEMPSTER

Spion Kop 158

By Mrs. J. M. FLEMING

Some Additions to our Native Flora 160

By the Rev. JOHN VAUGHAN

The Eighteenth-Century Felon: a Social Study . 167

By GEORGE PASTON

At the Sign of the Ship 182

By ANDREW LANG

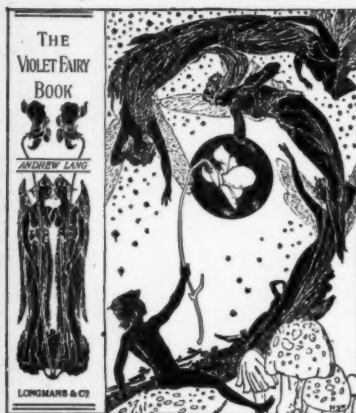
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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1901.

The Gold-stealers.¹

A STORY OF WADDY.

BY EDWARD DYSON,

AUTHOR OF 'RHYMES FROM THE MINES,' AND 'BELOW AND ON TOP.'

CHAPTER XXI.

A MINUTE later, when Casey rode up out of the darkness, Harry was sitting alone by the window.

'You've seen nothing?' he said.

'Divil a see,' replied the trooper. 'It's sartin to me he ain't within fifty moiles av us this blessed minute.'

'It doesn't seem likely he'd hang round here, does it?'

'The man ud be twin idyits what ud do it, knowin' we'd be sartin sure to nab him, Misther Hardy.'

Harry was not disposed to smile, indeed he scarcely heeded Casey's words; he thought he detected a faint sound as of some one weeping within the house, and his heart was filled with a passionate longing to stand by his dear love in defiance of everything, and to fight her battle for her with all the fury that seemed to be pent in his soul at that moment. Casey, looking down upon him, noted the convulsive movements of his clenched hands, and said with a laugh:

'Sure, 'twould be sorer an' tormint fer that same Shine if you laid thim hands on him now, me boy.'

Harry started to his feet and commenced to fondle the

¹ Copyright 1901 by E. Dyson.

trooper's horse, fearing to follow the train of thought that had possessed him lest he should betray himself. Shortly after this Sergeant Monk returned.

'No go,' he said. 'Anything turned up here, Casey?'

'Niver a shmell av anythin', sor,' answered the trooper.

'Well, we can raise this siege, Hardy. That boy was mistaken, sure enough.'

'If he wasn't having a game with us,' answered Harry.

'Um, yes; that's likely enough among these young heathens of Waddy. But Downy will be here again in the morning; we'll see what he makes of it.'

Harry followed the police as they rode away, and returned slowly to his home. His anxiety for Chris's sake, and his profound sympathy for her, did not serve to quell the wild elation dancing in his veins, the triumphal spirit awakened by the knowledge of her love and fired by her kisses.

Chris, sitting alone in the house, her face buried in her hands, felt, too, something of this exultation, but she nerved herself to look into the future, and she saw it grim and starless. She saw herself the daughter of the convicted thief, the thief who had only narrowly escaped having to stand his trial for murdering her lover; the thief who had shifted the burden of his guilt on to the shoulders of an innocent man, the brother of her love. Could she ever consent to be Harry's wife after that? she asked herself with sudden terror. Then she shut out the thought, and her heart sang: 'He loves me! He loves me!' and there was joy in that no danger could destroy, of which no misfortune could quite deprive her.

Detective Downy was in Waddy again on the following morning, his trip to Yarraman having been taken with the idea of interviewing Joe Rogers in prison and endeavouring to worm out of him some intelligence that might assist in the discovery of Ephraim Shine. But Rogers either knew nothing or could not be persuaded to tell what he knew, and the effort was fruitless.

After hearing the story of the previous night's hunt, Downy sent for Billy Peterson and questioned him closely, but the boy insisted that he had told the truth, and was quite positive it was the fugitive's voice he heard. The detective was puzzled.

'You made a close search about the house?' he said to Sergeant Monk.

'Searched every nook and corner.'

'Yet there must be something in this boy's yarn. Shine is certainly in hiding somewhere near here. If he had made a run

for it he must have been seen, and we should have heard of him before this. There might be a dozen holes in those quarries into which a man could creep. We must go over them. Don't leave a foot's space unsearched.'

The troopers spent several hours in the quarries, searching minutely, moving every stone that might hide the entrance to a small cave, and leaving no room for a suspicion that Shine could be lying in concealment there. For a time Dick, who, in consideration of the seriousness of recent events with which he was directly concerned, was enjoying a week's holiday, superintended the hunt from the banks; but he wearied of the work at length, and crossed the paddocks to join the men busy in the new shaft. Harry Hardy, McKnight, Peterson, and Doon were sinking to cut the dyke discovered by the boys of the Mount of Gold Quartz-mining Company. The mine had been christened the Native Youth, and Dick, as the holder of a third interest, felt himself to be a person of some consequence about the claim, and discussed its prospects with the elder miners like a person of vast experience and considerable expert knowledge, using technical phrases liberally, and not forgetting to drop a word of advice here and there, which might have been thought presumptuous in the small boy, but was nothing of the kind in the prospector and discoverer of the lode.

The big shareholder did not disdain even to assist in the work, and it was a proud and happy youth, clay-smirched and wearing 'bo-yangs' below his knees like a full-blown working miner, who marched through the bush with the other owners of the Native Youth at crib-time. Being their own bosses the men of the new mine went home to dinner, and dined at their leisure like the aristocrats they expected to be.

Prouder still was Dick when he discovered brown-haired dark-eyed little Kitty Grey loitering amongst the trees, regarding him with evident admiration and awe. He felt at that moment that he needed only a black pipe to make his triumph complete, and had a momentary resentment against the absurd prejudice that denied a boy of his years the right to smoke in public. Kitty had scarcely dared to lift her eyes to her hero for some time past: the wonderful stories told of him seemed to exalt him to such an altitude, that she could hope for nothing better than to worship meekly at a great distance. She was braver now, she actually approached him and spoke to him, yet timidly enough to have softened a heart of adamant; but Dick, stung by a laughing

comment from McKnight, would have passed her by with an exaggerated indifference intended to convey an idea of his sublime superiority to little girls, no matter how large and dark and appealing their eyes might be. Then she actually seized his hand.

'Don't go, Dickie,' she said, 'I want to speak to you. Miss Christina sent me.'

Kitty was a member of Christina Shine's class at the chapel, and was one of half a dozen to whom Miss Chris represented all that was beautiful and most to be desired in an angel. The mention of Christina's name served to divest Dick of all pretentiousness.

'What is it, Kitty?' he asked eagerly.

'She wants you. She says you're her friend, an' you'll go to her.' Kitty spoke in a whisper, although the men were now well beyond earshot.

'Yes,' said Dick; 'I'll go now.'

'No, not now,' said Kitty, clinging to his sleeve. 'She says have your dinner an' then go. An' oh, Dickie, she's been crying, an' she's all white, an'—an'——' At this the little messenger began to cry too.

'Is she?' said Dick sadly. 'When my mine turns out rich I'm goin' to give her a fortune.'

'Oh, are you, Dickie?' said Kitty, beaming through her tears.

'Yes,' answered he gravely; 'and then she'll marry Harry Hardy an' be happy ever after.'

'My, that will be nice,' murmured Kitty, much comforted.

'You ain't a bad little girl.' He felt called upon to reward her. 'You can walk as far as the fence with me if you like.'

Kitty was properly grateful, and they walked together to the furze-covered fence.

'Please don't tell any one you're going to see her, Miss Christina says,' whispered Kitty at parting.

'Right y'are,' Dick said, delighted with the mystery. 'I say, Kitty, I think p'raps I'll give you a fortune too.'

'Oh, Dickie, no; not a whole fortune, I'm too little,' cried Kitty, overwhelmed.

'Yes, a whole fortune,' he persisted grandly; 'an' maybe I'll marry you.'

'Will you, Dickie, will you? Oh, that is kind!'

'Here.' He had turned over the treasures in his pocket and found a scrap of gilt filagree off a gorgeous valentine. 'Here's somethin'.'

Kitty thought the gift very beautiful, and accepted it thankfully for its own sake and the sake of the giver, as an earnest of the fortune to come, and went her way happy but duly impressed with a sense of the responsibilities those riches must impose.

Harry Hardy had loitered behind his mates on the flat, and when the boy caught up to him again he turned to him with nervous anxiety.

'What did that girl want with you, Dick?' he asked. 'I heard her mention Miss Shine's name.'

He noted the set, stubborn look with which he was now familiar fall upon the boy's face like a mask, and he questioned no more on that point.

'Dick,' he said earnestly, 'you'll help her if you can. She's all alone, you know; not a soul to stand by her, not a soul. You might get a chance sometimes to make things easier for her. Would you?'

'My word!' said Dick simply.

Harry wrung his hand, and Dick, looking into his face, was puzzled by its expression; he looked, Dick thought, as he did on that Sunday morning when he wished to flog the superintendent before the whole congregation.

'You're a brick—a perfect brick!' said Harry.

'I'd do anythin' fer her,' Dick replied.

'Thanks, old man. I'll never forget it.'

It did not surprise the boy that Harry Hardy should thank him for services to be rendered to Miss Chris; he thought he understood the situation perfectly, and it was all very sad and perfectly consistent with his romantic ideas of such matters.

'Look here, Dick,' said Harry, before parting, 'I owe you an awful lot, my life, p'raps; but for every little thing you do for her I'll owe you a thousand times more—a thousand thousand times more.'

Dick's wise sympathetic eyes looked into his, and the boy nodded gravely.

'You can swear I'll stick up fer her,' he said.

Dick Haddon, whilst feeling quite a profound sorrow for Christina Shine, derived no little satisfaction from the position in which he found himself as the champion of oppressed virtue and the leal friend of a devoted young couple, the course of whose true love was running in devious ways. This was a rôle he had frequently played in fancy, but it was ever so much more gratifying

in serious fact, and he took it up with romantic earnestness, a youthful Don Quixote, heroic in the service of his Dulcinea and even anxious to suffer for her sake.

At dinner Dick favoured his mother with the latest news from the mine and glowing opinions on its prospects; and Mrs. Haddon, more than ever suggestive of roses and apples, beamed across the table upon her wonderful son, perfectly happy in the belief that Frank Hardy would presently be released, that their fortunes were practically made, and that she was the mother of the most astonishing, the cleverest, the bravest, and the handsomest lad that had ever lived. Dick's claims to beauty were perhaps a little dubious, but it must be admitted that local opinion, as expressed in local gossip a thousand times a day, went far to justify Mrs. Haddon's judgment on all the above points.

Dick escaped immediately after dinner, and went straight to Shine's house. Fortunately the troopers, in response to information received, were searching a worked-out alluvial flat about a mile off, and Downy was pursuing a delusive clue as far as Cow Flat, and his visit excited no particular attention.

The appearance Chris presented when she admitted him shocked the boy, and stirred his heart with tenderest pity. Her eyes were deep-set in dark shadows, her cheeks sunken, and there was a peculiar drawn expression about her mouth. She who had always been a miracle of neatness was negligently dressed, and her beautiful hair hung in pathetic disorder. She seated herself and drew Dick to her side.

'Dick,' she said, 'I am in great trouble.'

'Yes,' he answered, 'I know—I'm sorry.'

'And you are my only friend.'

'No fear; Harry Hardy'd do anythin' for you.'

'He cannot, Dick; it is impossible. He is generous and noble, but he cannot help me. Dick,' she drew him closer to her side, and held his hand in hers, 'tell me why you would not speak about the gold-stealers and that crime below. Was it because of me—because you wanted to spare me?'

'Yes,' he whispered.

'God bless you! God bless you, Dickie!' she said, catching him to her heart and kissing his cheek. 'I guessed it. I do not know if it was right, but it was brave and true, and I love you for it.'

'Don't cry,' Dick said consolingly; 'it'll all come out happy—'

it always does, you know.' This was the philosophy of the Waddy Library, and Dick had the most perfect faith in its teachings.

'Thank you, dear. I am going to ask you to do something more for me. I am afraid this is not right either. I know it is not right, but we cannot always do what is right—our hearts won't let us sometimes. Will you help me?'

'Yes,' he said valiantly, and he would have liked nothing better at that moment than to have been called upon to face a fire-breathing dragon on her behalf.

'I want you to go to Yarraman and buy these things for me.'

She gave him money and a list of articles with the help of which she hoped to effect a disguise for her father that would enable him to leave the district. It was a very prosaic service, Dick thought, but he undertook it cheerfully.

'I want you to tell no one what you are going for. Catch the three-o'clock coach near the Bo Peep, and answer no questions.'

'I know a better way'n that,' said the boy, after a thoughtful pause. 'Mother wants some things from Yarraman. I'll get her to let me go fer 'em this afternoon.'

'Yes, yes; that is clever. But you won't tell.'

'Not a blessed soul.'

'And when you get back it will be late—bring the things to me as secretly as you can. The troopers would be suspicious if they saw you—be careful of them.'

Dick had no doubt of his ability to deceive the whole police force of the province, and undertook the mission without a misgiving, his only regret being that it was making no great demands upon his courage and ingenuity.

'Dickie,' said Chris, kissing him again at parting, 'I hope some day, when you are older, it will be a great happiness to you to think you helped a poor heartbroken girl in a time of terrible trouble.'

The boy would have liked to have framed a fine speech in answer to that, but he could only say softly and earnestly:

'I'm fearful glad now, s'elp me!'

Mrs. Haddon was easily deceived, and Dick caught the three-o'clock coach. The Waddy coach took two hours to do the journey to Yarraman and did not start back till after eight, but this was not the first time the boy had made the journey alone, and his mother had no misgivings.

Downy returned to the Drovers' Arms late in the evening, having discovered that his supposed clue led only to a half-

demented sundowner living in a hollow log near Cow Flat, and having nothing whatever in common with the missing man. The search of the troopers had been fruitless, too, and at this crisis the opinion of McKnight as a pioneer of Waddy was solicited. McKnight's belief was that Shine was hiding away somewhere in the old workings of one of the deep mines—the Silver Stream perhaps—and he recalled the case of a criminal who got into the old stopes of a mine at Bendigo, and subsisted there for two weeks on the cribs of the miners, stolen while the latter were at work. The detective considered this a very probable supposition, and an invasion of the Silver Stream workings was planned for next morning.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHORTLY after eight o'clock on the night of Dick's journey to Yarraman the figure of a woman approached the searcher's house and knocked softly at the front door. There was a light burning within, but the knock provoked no response. The visitor knocked again with more vigour; presently a bolt was withdrawn and the door was opened a few inches, and Christina Shine, seeing her visitor, uttered a low cry and staggered back into the centre of the room, throwing the door wide open. It was Mrs. Hardy who stood upon the threshold.

'May I come in, my dear?' she asked in a kindly tone.

Christina, standing with one hand pressed to her throat and her burning eyes fixed intently upon the face of the elder woman, nodded a slow affirmative; and Mrs. Hardy entered, closing the door behind her, and stood for a moment gazing pitifully at the distracted girl, for Chris had a wild hunted look, and weariness and anxiety had almost exhausted her. She faced her visitor with terror, as if anticipating a blow.

'My poor girl,' Mrs. Hardy said gently. 'I suppose you wonder why I have come.'

Again Chris moved her head in vague acquiescence.

'I have heard how heavily this blow has fallen upon you, and my heart bled with pity. I felt I might be able to comfort you.'

Chris put her back with a weak fluttering hand.

'My dear, I am an old woman; I have seen much trouble and have borne some, and I know that hearts break most often in loneliness.'

'You know the truth?' asked the girl, through dry lips.

'I know Richard Haddon's story.'

'And you have not come to—to——'

'I have come to offer you all a woman's sympathy, my girl; to try to help you to be strong.'

Mrs. Hardy took the weary girl in her arms and kissed her pale cheek.

'You are good! You are very good!' murmured Chris brokenly, clinging to her. But she suddenly thrust herself back from the sheltering arms and uttered a cry of despair.

The door communicating with the next room had been opened and a grim figure crept into the kitchen, the figure of Ephraim Shine. The man was clad only in a tattered shirt and old moleskins; his face was as gaunt as that of Death and his skin a ghastly yellow. He moved into the room on his hands and knees, seeking something, and chummed insanely as he scratched at the hard flooring-boards with his claw-like fingers, peering eagerly into the cracks, searching in the corners, dragging his way about with his face close to the floor.

'I'll find it, I'll find it,' he muttered; 'oh! I'll find it. Rogers is cunnin', but I'm more cunnin'. I know where it's hid, an' when I get it it'll be mine—all mine!'

Mrs. Hardy stole close to the girl, and they clasped hands.

'Is he mad?' asked the elder woman hoarsely.

'He has taken a fever, I think,' answered the girl, 'and I can hide him no longer. I cannot help him now.' She sank back upon a chair in an attitude of complete abandonment, and followed her father's movements with tearless, hopeless eyes.

'Rogers is a liar!' muttered Shine. 'A liar he is, an' he'd rob me; but I'll beat him. It's hid down here, down among the rocks. The gold is mine, mine, mine!' His voice rose to a thin scream, and he beat fiercely upon the boards with his bony hand.

'He has been ill ever since Rogers was taken, but he only took this turn this evening. Oh! I tried hard to help him; I tried hard! He is my father. Oh, my poor father! my poor, poor father!'

'Hush, hush, dear,' said Mrs. Hardy. 'We must help him on to his bed. Come.'

They each took an arm of the sick man and raised him to his feet. He offered no resistance, but allowed them to lead him to the bunk in the other room and place him upon it, although he continued to utter wild threats against Joe Rogers and to

chummer about the gold, and move his hands about, scratching amongst the bedclothes.

Mrs. Hardy brought the light from the kitchen, and then busied herself over the delirious man, making him as comfortable as possible upon his narrow bed. She gave directions to Chris, and the girl obeyed them, bringing necessary things and making a fire in the kitchen. She seemed inspired with a new hope, and presently she moved to Mrs. Hardy's side again.

'Do you think he will die?' she asked.

'I do not think so, dear. It is brain fever, I believe.'

'How good you are—you whom he has wronged so cruelly!'

She ceased speaking and gripped her companion's arm. The latch of the back door clicked, a step sounded upon the kitchen floor, and the next moment Detective Downy appeared within the room. He glanced from the women to the bunk, and then strode forward and laid a hand upon Ephraim Shine.

'This man is my prisoner,' he said.

Shine sat up again, moving his arms and muttering:

'Yes, yes, down the old mine; that's it! Let me go. It's hid in the old mine—my gold, my beautiful gold!'

'You cannot take him in this state,' said Mrs. Hardy; 'it would be brutal.'

The detective examined him closely, and, being satisfied that the man was really ill and unlikely to escape, went to the kitchen door and blew a shrill blast of his whistle in the direction of the quarries. When he returned Christina was on her knees by the bunk, as if praying, and Mrs. Hardy was bathing the patient's temples. After a few minutes Sergeant Monk rode up and joined them in the room.

'Here is our man,' said Downy quietly. 'Send Donovan for the covered-in wagon at the hotel. We shall have to take him on a mattress.'

'Shot?' cried Monk.

'No; off his head. Send a couple of your men in here. I think I'll get my hands on that gold presently.'

The sergeant withdrew, and Downy touched Chris on the shoulder.

'It's a bad business, miss,' he said. 'You made a plucky fight, but this was inevitable. Will you tell me where he was hidden?'

Chris arose and stood with her back to the wall and answered him in a firm voice. She understood the futility of further evasion.

'He hid in the tank,' she said. 'It has a false bottom, and you get in from below.'

The detective expressed incredulity in a long whistle.

'Well, that fairly beats me,' he said. 'When did he fix the tank?'

'I do not know. I had no idea it was done until the night of the arrest of Rogers.'

At this moment Casey and Keel entered.

'Stand by the man, Casey,' said the detective. 'Keel, follow me.'

Downy went straight to the tank and, creeping under it, struck a match and examined the floor above, on which it rested. Two of the boards had been moved aside, and in the bottom of the tank there was an opening about eighteen inches in diameter with a sheet of iron to cover it, in such a way as to deceive any but the most careful seeker. The detective ordered Keel to bring a candle, and when it was forthcoming he drew himself up into the tank and struck a light. An ejaculation of delight broke from his lips, for there at his hand lay a skin bag covered with red-and-white hair, and by its side shone a magnificent nugget shaped like a man's boot. This the detective recognised as the nugget described by Dick Haddon. There were also a pickle bottle containing much rough gold, and two or three small parcels.

The compartment in which Downy sat was just high enough to allow of a man sitting upright in it, and large enough to enable him to lie in a crescent position without discomfort. A pipe from the roof was connected with the tap, so that water could be drawn from the tank as usual. The job had been carefully done, and had evidently cost Shine much labour. The searcher had designed the compartment as a hiding-place for his treasure, the quantity of which convinced Down that his depredations at the mine (in conjunction with Rogers, probably) had been of long standing. The parcels contained sovereigns and there were small bags of silver and copper—a miser's hoard. The detective dropped the bag, the nugget, and all the other articles of value out of the tank, and with the assistance of Keel carried them into the kitchen. He examined the material in the hide bag, and found it to be wash dirt showing coarse gold freely. The nugget was a magnificent one, containing, as the detective guessed, about five hundred ounces of gold, and worth probably close upon two thousand pounds. Nothing nearly so fine had

ever before been discovered in the Silver Stream gutters, although they had always been rich in nuggets.

When Mrs. Hardy returned home an hour later, Harry had just come in from work. The shareholders in the Native Youth were so anxious to cut the stone that they were putting in long shifts. There were traces of tears about Mrs. Hardy's eyes, and her expression of deep sorrow alarmed her son.

'Why, what's wrong, mother?' he asked quickly. 'Have you had bad news?'

'No, Henry. I have been with Christina Shine.'

'You. You, mother?' he cried, in surprise. 'Not——' He suddenly recollected himself and was silent. He knew his mother to be incapable of a cruel or vindictive action.

'Mrs. Haddon told me how the poor girl was suffering for her father's villainy, and I was deeply sorry for her. I thought that under the circumstances my sympathy might strengthen her.'

'God bless you for that, mother!' said Harry fervently, and his mother looked at him sharply, surprised by his tone.

'Shine has been arrested,' she said. 'The police have taken him in to Yarraman.'

'Taken—Shine taken!'

'He was captured while I was there.' Mrs. Hardy told her son the story of Shine's arrest, and Harry sat with set teeth and eyes intent for some minutes after she had finished.

'My boy,' his mother said, placing a hand upon his shoulder, 'this does not seem to please you.'

His head fell a little, and he opened and clenched again the strong hands gripped between his knees.

'And yet,' she continued, 'it confirms your suspicions. It may mean the assertion of Frank's innocence.'

'I love her!' he said with some passion.

His mother was greatly startled, and stood for a moment regarding him with an expression of deep feeling.

'You love her—his daughter?'

'With all my heart, mother.'

'Since when?'

'I don't know. Since that Sunday in the chapel, I believe.'

'And she.'

She loves me.'

Mrs. Hardy moved to a chair, and sat down with her face turned from him, staying for many minutes apparently lost in thought. She started, hearing Harry at the door.

'Where are you going?' she asked.

'To see Chris.' He answered in a tone hinting defiance, as if expecting antagonism; but his mother said nothing more, and he passed out.

Harry Hardy found Chris sitting alone in her father's house. A candle burned on the table by her side, her hands lay idly in her lap. He had expected to find her weeping, surrounded by women, but her eyes were tearless and the news of Shine's arrest was not yet known in the township. Harry fell on his knees by her side and clasped her about the waist. There was a sort of dull apathy in her face that awed him. He did not kiss her.

'I've heard, dear,' he whispered. 'All's over.'

'Yes,' she said, looking at him for the first time, without surprise.

'Why are you sitting here?' he asked.

'I am waiting for Dickie Haddon,' she said listlessly. 'He went to Yarraman to buy some things to make a disguise. It is only fair to wait.'

He was touched with profound pity; but her mood chilled him, he dared not offer a caress.

'And then?'

'And then? Oh, then I will go to the homestead. I want rest—only rest, rest!'

'Did Summers know the truth, Chris?'

She shook her head slowly.

'No,' she said. 'I deceived him—I deceived them all. I lied to everybody. I used to pride myself once, a fortnight ago, when I was a girl, on not being a liar.'

'You mustn't talk in this despairing way, dear. Let me take you home. I will meet Dick an' tell him.'

'Tell him it is too late, but I am grateful all the same—very, very grateful.'

'Yes, yes. Come. You are weary; you'll be stronger to-morrow an' braver.'

He led her away, and they walked across the flat and through the paddock in silence. It seemed to Harry that she had forgotten their avowals of love. Her attitude frightened him, he dreaded lest she should be on the eve of a serious illness; he had sore misgivings and tortured himself with many doubts. Her words rang in his head with damnable iteration: 'I deceived them all. I lied to everybody.'

Maori welcomed them under the firs, capering heavily and

putting himself very much in the way, but with the best intentions. Summers came to the verandah and greeted Chris with warmth.

'Eh, but ye're pale, lassie,' he said having drawn her into the light.

'Take her in,' whispered Harry; 'she's quite worn out.'

'Will ye no come in yersel'?'

'No, no, thanks. Come back here, Mr. Summers; I want to speak to you.'

Summers led the girl into the house and returned after a few moments.

'What's happened tae the girl? She's not herself at all,' he said.

'Her father's been taken.'

'Ay, have they got him? Weel, 'twas sure to be.'

'Twas she who hid him, but he went light-headed with some sickness, an' the police came down on him. She feels it awfully, poor girl, being alone in a way.'

'Not alone, not while Jock Summers moves an' has his bein'.'

Harry had been fishing for this. He knew the man and that his simple word meant as much as if it had been chiselled deep in virgin marble.

'Good night,' he said, throwing out an impetuous hand, and whilst he hastened away under the trees Summers stood upon the door-sill, gazing after him, ruefully shaking the tingling fingers of his right hand.

Harry returned to the skillion and loitered about for ten minutes without discovering anything of Dick Haddon, but at the expiration of that time Dick stole out of the darkness and approached him with an affectation of the greatest unconcern. His greeting was very casual, and he followed it with a fishing inquiry intended to discover if the young man knew anything of Christina's whereabouts.

'Never mind, Dick, old man,' said Harry kindly; 'it's all U P.'

'All up,' cried Dick.

'Yes, I know why you went to Yarraman; but it's been a wasted journey, Dick. Shine was arrested a couple of hours ago, an' she's broken-hearted.'

Dick received the news in silence, and they walked homewards together.

'What'll I do with this?' asked Dick at Hardy's gate, producing a parcel from under his vest.

'Hide it away, an' keep it dark. Not a word must be said to hurt her.'

'Good,' answered the boy. 'I know a cunnin' holler tree. So long, Harry.'

'So long, mate.'

Dick liked the word 'mate,' it touched him nearly with its fine hint of equality and community of interests; it seemed to suit their romantic conspiracy, too, and sent him away with a little glow of pride in his heart.

When Harry re-entered his own home he found his mother seated as he had left her. She arose and approached him, placing a hand on either shoulder.

'Well, my boy?'

'Well, mother?'

'You have seen her?'

'Yes. I've taken her to the homestead. She is dazed—stunned. She seemed as if she no longer cared.'

'It will pass, Henry.'

'You think my love will pass?'

'All this seeming great trouble.'

'It'll pass, mother, if she comes back to me; never unless.'

'The sins of the fathers,' sighed Mrs. Hardy as he turned from her to his own room, like a wounded animal seeking darkness.

'The sins of the fathers.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEXT morning all Waddy knew of the arrest of Ephraim Shine, and it was felt that the game was nearly played out. Dick Haddon's confession was published in the same issue of the *Yarraman Mercury*, and public opinion in the township had decided against the searcher in spite of his long and faithful service as teacher and superintendent. The murder theory was reluctantly abandoned.

Harry Hardy called at the homestead to inquire after Chris before going to work, and was told that she was much restored but not yet up. At dinner-time he heard that she had been driven into Yarraman by Jock Summers to be near her father, and the fact that she had left him without a word or a line seemed to confirm his worst suspicion, and again her words, 'I deceived

them all. I lied to everybody,' returned to mock him. Harry had no quality of patience: he was impetuous, a fighter not a waiter on fortune, but here was nothing to fight, and in his desperation he did battle on the hard ground below in the Native Youth shaft.

They had cut the dyke in the new shaft at a shallower depth than Dick's Mount of Gold drive, and here Harry expended those turbulent emotions that welled within him, working furiously. Whether handling pick or shovel, toiling at the windlass, or ringing the heavy hammer on the drill, he wrought with a feverish energy that amazed his mates, who ascribed it all to an excusable but rather insane anxiety to test the value of their mine in the mill. For their part they were very well satisfied with the golden prospects, and quite content to 'go slow' in the certain hope of early affluence.

The next important piece of news the *Mercury* had to offer referred to Ephraim Shine, who had recovered consciousness in the gaol hospital but was declared to be dying from an old ailment, and steps were to be taken to secure his dying deposition. On the Saturday morning came the information that Shine was dead, and with this came the full text of his deposition—a complete confession, setting forth his crimes and those of Joe Rogers without reservation, and completely exonerating Frank Hardy. Rogers and Shine had been working together to rob the mine for two years. Their apparent hostility was a blind to deceive the people. They had conspired to fix the crime upon Frank at Rogers's suggestion, for the reason that his vigilance was making it unsafe for the faceman to continue his thefts, and because they hoped his conviction would arrest the growing suspicions. Shine agreed for these reasons and because he cherished a desire to marry Mrs. Haddon and found Hardy in the way. For a long time the pair had been content with such gold as Rogers could hide about his clothes, but his discovery of the big nugget, which he hid in the drive, gave them the idea of attempting robbery on a large scale, and for weeks Rogers had hidden such gold as he could lay his hands on in holes in the muddy floor of the workings, to be carried away when opportunity offered *viâ* the Red Hand ladder-shaft. That was to have been their last venture together, and Shine had intended to induce Mrs. Haddon to marry him, and then to take her away somewhere where he was unknown, and where it would have been possible to sell the gold in small parcels without exciting suspicion. Rogers had hidden the gold

in Frank Hardy's boot, and Shine salted his wash-dirt on the creek with Silver Stream gold, and the slug he pretended to take from Frank's crib bag was hidden in the palm of his hand when he took up the faceman's billy from the floor of the searching shed.

Joe Rogers appeared before the bench of magistrates at Yarraman on the following Monday. Harry Hardy and Dick Haddon were in attendance as witnesses; Chris was also present in court, and there Harry saw her for the first time since the night of Shine's arrest. She sat beside Mrs. Summers, a stout grey motherly woman, and was dressed in deep mourning. Harry thought she had never looked so beautiful. But how changed she was from the simple gentle girl of a few days back! She sat as she did when he found her in the skillion after her father had been taken, with intent eyes bent upon the floor. When called upon to give her evidence she gave it clearly and fully, in a firm distinct voice, like a person without interest or feeling. She seemed to have no desire to shield the character of her father, but told the whole truth respecting him, and left the Court with her companion immediately on being informed that her services were no longer required, so that Harry was unable to speak with her. This was a bitter blow to him; he believed that she was taking precautions to avoid him, and saw in that action further reason for his suspicion that her declaration of affection had been a mistake or perhaps a deliberate deception. 'I deceived them all. I lied to everybody,' she said. The young man stiffened himself with chill comfortless pride, and made no effort to seek her out. He loved her, he told himself, but was no whimpering fool to abase himself at the feet of a woman who was careless, or might be even worse—pitiful.

Joe Rogers reserved his defence and was committed to stand his trial at the forthcoming sessions in about a fortnight's time, charged with gold-stealing, wounding Harry Hardy, and shooting at Trooper Casey.

Harry Hardy returned to his work. He spent fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in the mine, working desperately and finding mental relief only in exhausting physical effort. The labour pulled him down rapidly, his cheeks hollowed, and absence from the sun in the stope soon robbed him of his healthy tan; and consequently the young man, without being aware of it, had put on quite an interesting and romantic appearance in the course of the week following on the police-court case, and one that would

certainly have provoked much edifying comment in Waddy had the women of the township received a hint of the true state of affairs between himself and Miss Chris.

Harry made no further calls at the homestead to inquire after Christina, but he heard from Dick that she had not returned to Waddy, but was staying in Yarraman till after the trial. Mrs. Haddon expressed an opinion that the poor girl felt the disgrace of her position so keenly that she dreaded to face the people of the township, where her father had been accepted as a shining light for so many years, and where she had always commanded respect and affection.

As the time for the trial approached Harry found himself hungering for a sight of her face again. Pride and common-sense were no weapons with which to fight love. At best they afforded only a poor disguise behind which a man might hide his sufferings from the scoffers.

The trial occupied two days. The prisoner was defended by a clever young lawyer from Melbourne, who fought every point pertinaciously and strove with all his energy and knowledge and cunning to represent Joe Rogers as the victim of circumstances and Ephraim Shine—especially Ephraim Shine, who was a monster of blackened iniquity, capable of a diabolical astuteness in the pursuit of his criminal intentions. The story of the boy Haddon was absolutely false in representing Rogers as having assisted in the theft of the gold produced. The boy was a creature of Shine's; that was obvious on the face of his evidence and the evidence of Miss Shine and Detective Downy. Shine had had the lad in his toils, otherwise why had he taken such precautions to shield the man, and why had he given him warning of the approach of the troopers? Rogers's story was entirely credible, he said. It was to the effect that Shine had confessed to him that he had robbed the mine of a quantity of gold and had been robbed in turn by the boy Haddon, who was his real accomplice. He solicited the aid of the unfortunate prisoner to recover the treasure, and offered him half the gold as a reward. The prisoner was tempted and he fell. His action towards the boy at the Piper Mine was taken merely to induce him to disclose the whereabouts of the lost booty, and the shooting at Trooper Casey was an accident. Rogers had acted on blind and unreasoning impulse in snatching up the gun on the approach of the police, believing his complicity with Shine in the effort to recover the hidden loot had come to light, and the discharge of the weapon was purely involuntary.

To give an air of plausibility to this plea it was necessary to represent Ephraim Shine in the worst possible light, and that conscientious and hard-working young lawyer spared no pains on his own part or the part of the dead man's daughter to make every point that would tell for his client; but Chris was not more moved than at the preliminary investigation. She told the truth simply, and no effort on the part of the barrister could shake her evidence or break through the unnatural calm in which she appeared to have enveloped herself. Harry saw her several times during the course of the trial, and found a desolate anguish in her white immobile face, that stirred up in his heart again a fury against fate, the law, and every force and condition that added the smallest pang to her sorrow. If he could have only interposed his body between her and all this trouble, it would have been keen joy to him to have felt raining upon his flesh, with heavy material blows, the shafts directed against her tender heart; but his strength was of avail, he could think of nothing that he might do but take that insolent lawyer by the throat and choke him on the floor of the Court. He was helpless to do anything but love her, and every sight of her, every thought of her, added fuel to his passion.

She went to him once outside the Court with outstretched hands and swimming eyes, murmuring inarticulate words, and he understood that she meant to thank him for the efforts he had made to spare her in his evidence on the previous day. In truth she had been touched by the change in him, and she, too, was fighting with her love a harder battle than his.

'I'm sorry for you, Chris,' he said, 'but time will heal all this, never fear.'

She gazed at him and slowly shook her head.

'Never, Harry,' she said.

'It will, it will!' he persisted. 'Chris, you're coming back after it's all over?'

'Yes,' she said, 'I must.'

'An' you've not forgotten?'

'No, Harry, I have not forgotten anything.' There was a strain of firmness in her voice that jarred him, and he looked at her sharply; but her face gave him no comfort, and a moment later she was joined by Mrs. Summers and another friend, and he left her, his heart unsatisfied, his mind shaken with doubts and perplexities.

Joe Rogers was found guilty and sentenced to twelve years'

hard labour. Close upon eight hundred ounces of gold were handed over to the Silver Stream Company, and the Company, 'in recognition of the valuable services of Master Richard Haddon,' presented him with a gold watch and chain, which for many months after was a source of ceaseless worry to his little mother, who firmly believed that its fame must have inspired every burglar and miscellaneous thief in Victoria with an unholy longing to possess it. She was continually devising new hiding-places for the treasure, and arose three or four times a night to attack hypothetical marauders who had broken in to steal the precious jewel.

Returning from school at dinner-time on the day following, Dick found Frank Hardy sitting in the parlour holding his mother's hand. Mrs. Hardy and Harry were also there, and a few people were loitering about the front, having called to congratulate Frank Hardy on his release, for Frank had been given a free pardon in the Queen's name for the crimes it was now known he had never committed.

Dick found Frank looking older and graver, much more like his mother, whom he resembled in disposition too. He greeted the boy quietly but with evident feeling.

'It seems I owe my liberty to your devilment, old boy,' he said later.

Dick was beginning to find the rôle of hero rather wearisome, and would gladly have returned to his old footing with the people of Waddy; but there was nevertheless a good deal of satisfaction in appearing as a person of importance in the eyes of the Hardys, and he accepted the implied gratitude without any excess of uneasiness.

'Well, I've got to pay you out, my lad,' Frank continued. 'Your mother has been foolish enough to promise to be my wife, and that will place me in the responsible position of father to the most ungovernable young scamp in Christendom, and one of the conditions your mother makes is that I am to prevent you from saving any more lives and reputations. What do you think of that?'

'Oh, you'll make a rippin' father,' said Dick. 'That'll be all right.'

'Good. Then it's settled. We have your consent?'

Dick nodded gravely.

'Thanks for your confidence,' said Frank, laughing. 'I think you'll find me a fairly good sort as stepfathers go.'

Dick had no fears whatever on that point; he and Frank had been excellent friends for as long as he could remember, and Frank had been his champion in many semi-public disagreements about billy-goats; and besides, he was a reader whose judgment the boy held in the highest respect, and that counted for a great deal.

The boy had a message for Harry, and delivered it with great secrecy at the earliest opportunity.

'She's back at Summers's, Harry,' he whispered. 'She gave Kitty a letter to give to me to give to you.'

Harry tore the envelope with trembling impatient hands. It contained only a short note: 'Will you come to me at the gate under the firs to-night at eight?' and was coldly signed, 'Your true friend, C. S.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

HARRY awaited the approach of evening with burning impatience, and his heart was lighter than it had been for weeks. He thought that now the distraction induced by her father's danger, his arrest and his death, and the subsequent trials had departed, he would find her with a clear mind and responsive to his love, and it would be his pride and joy to teach her to forget her troubles and to make her happy. Harry, who, up to the time of meeting Chris after his return to Waddy, had been even more unromantic and lacking in poetry than the average bush native, had, under the influence of his passion, evolved a strong vein of both romance and poesy, and the sudden development of this unknown side of his nature induced novel sensations. He thought of his previous self almost as a stranger, for whom he felt some sentiments of pity not untouched with contempt, and even when hope was feeblest he hugged his love and brooded over it secretly with the devotion of a tender girl.

Hardy was at the trysting-place a quarter of an hour before the time appointed, but Christina was already there. Her greeting chilled and subdued him. He went towards her, smiling, elate, with eager arms, calling her name; she put him back with extended hands.

'No, no, Harry; not that,' she said, and he noticed in her voice the strength of some resolution, the firmness that had jarred upon him when last they met.

'Not that!' he repeated. 'Chris, you love me. For God's

sake say it! You have said it. You told me so, an' it was true—oh, my darling, it was true!’

He could see her distinctly: she stood in a shaft of moonlight falling between the sombre firs, and her face had recovered none of its colour, it was marble-like; her whole pose was statuesque, all the girlish gentleness of the other days seemed to have fled from her, and her hour of tribulation had invested her with a dignity and force of will that sat well upon her stately figure. Harry beheld her with something like terror. This was not the woman he loved. His cause had never seemed so utterly hopeless as now, and yet he felt that it was not the true Chris with whom he was dealing; that the true Chris was the soft-eyed, clinging girl safely enshrined in his heart.

‘Chris,’ he said, ‘you have changed—but you’ll come to me again?’

Her face was turned towards him; she shook her head with passionless decision.

‘No, Harry,’ she answered, ‘that is all past. I sent for you to tell you that we must forget.’

‘Forget!’ he cried, springing forward and seizing her hand, ‘how can I forget? Can a man forget that he loves?’

‘You will forget. It is better to forget, and you will live to be glad that you did.’

‘Never, never! Chris, what do you mean? Why’re you talking to me of forgetting—why, why?’

‘Because I know in my heart that it must be. I came here to tell you so, to ask you to waste no more thought on me.’

‘You do not care for me, then. Is that what you mean?’

She gave him no answer, but her steadfast eyes looked into his, and their light was cold; there was no glimmer of affection in them.

‘You never loved me, Chris?’

She continued silent; she had wrought herself to a certain point, to what she believed to be a duty, and she could only maintain the tension by exerting all her energies.

‘What have I done to be treated like this?’ he continued. ‘I did all I could to spare you. I would have spared *him*, too, if it’d been in my power.’

‘You were generous. Yes, you did all you could; for that I will be grateful to you all my life.’

‘And I love you—I love you! I want love, not gratitude, Chris—your love.’

'You must forget me!'

He approached her more closely, and his voice had lost its pleading tone.

'On the night of the arrest,' he said, 'you told me you had deceived all—lied to all; did you lie to me?'

He paused for a reply, but she did not speak, and he continued fiercely:

'Did you lie to me when you said you loved me? Was that a lie? Was it a trap?'

'It does not matter now, Harry; all is over, all.'

'An' you did lie to me. You lied because you thought I'd give your father up if my love was not returned. My God! you thought I took advantage of——'

'No, no, no!' she cried, 'not that. I thought no ill of you, I think none. Think what you will of me.'

'But I was fooled—cruelly, bitterly fooled. You needn't have done it, Chris. I'd rather have died than have added to your sufferings. Your trick wasn't necessary. I cared more for you than you'll ever know.'

Her hands trembled at her sides and her lips moved, but her eyes remained steadfast.

'I know your good heart, Harry,' she said, in a voice almost harsh from the restraint put upon her. 'I will bless you and pray for you while I live, but I can never be your wife. You are mad to think of me. Some day you will be glad I refused to listen to you, and grateful to me for what I have done.'

'Grateful!' he cried. 'To be grateful I must learn to hate you. I'll go an' learn that lesson.'

He turned from her and strode towards the gate, but there he paused with his arm upon the bar, and presently he moved back to her side.

'I can't go like that, dear,' he said, seizing her hand again, 'nothing on earth can ever make me anything but your lover, an' nothing can make me believe you lied when you said you loved me. Your kisses were not lies. Speak to me—say that you did love me a little!'

'Good-bye, Harry,' she said in the same constrained tone.

'For God's sake be fair to me, Chris.'

'I am fair to you. Go; learn to love some one who will bring you happiness. Good-bye.'

'There is one woman who could bring me happiness, an' she stabs me to the heart. I won't give you up, I won't forget, I

won't say good-bye. When this misery's gone from you you will be your old self again, an' we'll be happy together.'

'Do not think that, Harry; you must put me out of your heart.'

'Never—never while I live!'

He looked into her strong pale face for a moment, and lifting her yielding hand to his lips kissed it.

'Good night,' he said gently. 'I'll come again.'

'Good-bye, Harry,' she whispered.

He hastened away, carrying his trouble into the sleeping bush. She stood for a few moments after he had gone, erect, with her hands pressed over her eyes, and then she walked towards the house with firm steps; but at the verandah uncontrollable sobs were breaking in her throat and she turned and fled into the plantation, and lying amongst the long grass wept unreservedly.

Harry's mind was in a tumult; he tried in vain to compose his faculties, to discover some reason for Miss Chris's action apart from the dreadful possibility that she had really never cared for him. Now that he had it from her own lips that she could be nothing to him, he refused to accept the situation. There were barriers raised between them, he would beat them down; there were mistakes, illusions, he would overcome them; he was strong, he would conquer. Anything was possible but that she had lied to him, but that her warm loving kisses were false and scheming. His heart scouted that idea with a blind rage that impelled him to hit out in the darkness. This spiritual fight tore the man of action, racked him limb from limb. Oh, to have been able to settle it, bare-armed and abreast of a living antagonist in the child's play of merely physical strife! He found tears on his cheek, and this weakness amazed him, but his thoughts followed each other quickly, disconnectedly, like those of a drunken man; and he went home baffled, but clinging to hope with the tenacity of one who feels that despair means death.

Next morning Harry found himself utterly miserable, but still trusting that time would serve to restore Chris her natural cheerful temperament, and bring home to her again the conviction that she really loved him, and then all would be well.

At about half-past two that afternoon Dick Haddon, in his capacity of faithful squire to the true lovers, visited the mine hot-foot, with news for his friend. Harry was below, but he hastened to answer the boy's message. He had dreamed of a sudden repentance on his sweetheart's part, and his heart beat fast

as Dick beckoned him away from McKnight, who was at the windlass.

'She's gone away,' said the boy eagerly.

'Chris away? Where's she gone?'

'She's goin' to Melbourne—goin' fer years an' years. Mr. Summers is drivin' her into Yarraman now. She left a letter for you with mother. Thought I'd come an' tell you, case you might want'er go after her.'

'Gone for good!' This possibility had not occurred to the young man. 'She left a letter for me? Are you sure it's for me?'

'Yes, yes; mother's got it. If I was you I'd get it at once; an' I'd—I'd——' Dick was much more excited than Harry; he was eager to spur his friend to action.

'How long have they been gone?' asked Harry, as he hastened towards the township. He felt that this was a crisis, that action was called for, but the news had confused him. He was fighting with the fear that she was taking this course to avoid him for the reason that his connection with her misfortunes had made him hateful to her. He burned to read her letter, but he had no mind for heroic schemes or projects.

'On'y about a quarter of an hour,' said Dick in answer to his question. 'They can't've gone far.'

'You're sure she was going to Melbourne—going for good?'

'Certain sure—heard her tell mum.'

Mrs. Haddon was standing at the door when they reached the house, and Harry followed her into the kitchen.

'Give it to me, Alice,' he said. 'Quick! Can't you see I'm half mad?'

Mrs. Haddon handed him the letter, and he tore the envelope with awkward impatient fingers. The note was brief:

'Dear Harry,—I write this to bid you good-bye again, and thank you again for all your kindness and goodness. I am going away because I can no longer bear to live amongst the people who know me as the daughter of one who was a thief and almost a murderer. Don't think bitterly of me. All that I have done I did for the best, according to my poor light. We may never meet again, but it would make me happier some day to know that you had forgiven me, and that you remembered me without anger in your own happiness.—Your very true friend,

'CHRISTINA SHINE.'

36

Harry sank into a chair and sat for a minute staring blankly at the letter, and Mrs. Haddon stood by his side staring curiously at him. Suddenly she slapped firmly on the table with her plump hand and asked sharply:

‘Well, Harry, well?’

He turned his blank eyes upon her.

‘Do you care a button for that girl?’

‘Care?’ he said. ‘I care my whole life an’ soul for her!’

‘Well, then, what’re you goin’ to do? ’Re you goin’ to lose her?’

‘In the name o’ God, Alice, what can I do? She doesn’t want me; she is going away to be rid of me.’

‘Not want you? You great, blind, blunderin’ man-creature, you; she loves you well enough to break her heart for you. Can’t you see why she’s going away? Of course you can’t. She’s goin’ because she thinks she’s an object of shame an’ disgrace; because she feels on her own dear head an’ weighin’ on her own great, soft, simple heart all the weight of the shame that belonged to that bad devil of a father of hers; because all that the papers, an’ the lawyers, an’ the judge said about the sins o’ Ephraim Shine she feels burnin’ in red letters on her own sweet face. That’s why she’s goin’; an’ if she is leavin’ you it’s because she feels this whole villainous business makes her unfit to be your wife. Now what’re you goin’ to do, Harry Hardy?’

Harry had risen to his feet; his face was flushed, he trembled in every limb.

‘Do?’ he gasped. ‘Do?’

‘Do!’ repeated the widow in a voice that had grown almost shrill. ‘There’s a horse an’ saddle an’ bridle in McMahon’s stable.’

Harry turned and ran from the house; and the little widow, standing at her door flushed and tearful, looking after him, murmured to herself:

‘An’ if you lose her, Harry Hardy, you’re not the man I took you for, an’ I’ll never forgive you—never.’

She looked down and encountered Dick’s eyes—seeming very much larger and graver than usual—regarding her with solemn admiration. The boy had conceived a new respect for his mother within the last two minutes, and had discovered in her a kindred spirit hitherto unsuspected.

‘My colonial! that was rippin’, mum!’ he said.

CHAPTER XXV.

HARRY HARDY took French leave in McMahon's stable. He saddled Click, Mac's favourite hack, mounted him, and started down the dusty Yarraman road at a gallop. To Harry that ride was ever afterwards a complete blank. He started out with his mind full of one thought, an overpowering resolution. He would seek Chris, he would take her in his arms and defy every fear or scheme or power that might be directed against their love and happiness to part them again. That was his determination, and, having made it, he rode on blindly, pushing the horse to his best pace.

After passing the Bo Peep the road ran out into treeless open country, slightly undulating. There were a few trickling rock-strewn creeks to cross, and Harry rushed Click through them like a man riding for his life. Half an hour's gallop brought the vehicle in sight, and ten minutes later he came abreast of the buggy and brought his foaming horse to a trot. 'Stop!' he cried; and Summers, much amazed, pulled up his pair.

Harry threw himself from the saddle, leaving the horse his freedom, and, going to the buggy, seized Chris by the hand and drew her down towards him.

'Chris, I want to speak to you. You must, you must!'

He helped her from the vehicle. His attitude was stern and masterful, and Chris yielded with a sense of awe. Summers regarded the pair for a moment with pursed lips, and bent brows; then a grim smile dawned about his mouth, and he touched his horses with the whip and drove slowly away down the road.

Harry and Chris stood upon the plain facing each other, the girl's hands clasped firmly in those of the man. Harry was dressed just as he had come from the mine; her neat black frock was marked with the grey dust from his clothes. He was flushed; his eyes had more of power than of love in them. She still strove, but felt his strength greater than hers, and her heart beat painfully. She whispered a pitiful protest when he drew her to his breast and clasped her closely in his irresistible arms.

'I won't let you go, my dear love—I swear I won't!' he whispered vehemently.

'You must. Oh, why do you make my task so hard?'

'I won't let you go from me, Chris.'

She looked into his glowing eyes, and struggled a little, murmuring incoherently.

'Never, Chris, never!' he continued. 'You love me! Look into my face an' deny it if you can. You can't!' he cried, with a flush of triumph.

'I have never denied it, Harry; but I must go. 'Tis because I love you——'

He laughed suddenly with the elation of a conqueror, and stopped her mouth with kisses.

'You love me, an' you'd leave me. Why? Tell me why, my darling, my dear love!'

She threw back her head and gazed into his eyes. 'I will tell you,' she said. 'I would leave you because I am the daughter of Ephraim Shine, the man whose memory is hated everywhere; the man whose crimes you and yours can never forget; the man who sent your innocent brother to prison, who whitened your mother's hair with grief, who left you to die in the waters of the mine—who was a triple thief and a hypocrite. He was my father and I loved him. I cannot do anything else but love him now, but you must hate and loathe him. Think of me as your wife—me, the thief's daughter, whispered about, pointed at. Think, as I have done, of that possible time when you might love me less because of him and the wrong he did you, when you might be ashamed to be seen with me. People don't forget crimes like his, Harry; they talk of them to their children. Think of your mother and your brother. Think, think—oh, Harry, think, for my strength is gone.'

He only clasped her closely and kissed her cheek.

'Think of your mother,' she continued. 'Harry, I would die to serve her. I would rather die than bring shame or grief into her life.'

'I love you! I love you!' he said.

'Think, think of the people pointing at us, whispering about my disgrace.'

'No, dear, you think. Think of me without you—cursed, ruined, without a care for anything on earth. Chris, there's not for me one ray of sunlight, not one smile in that world without you.'

Her forehead was bent upon his shoulder. He felt her strength leaving her, and continued with low vehement words:

'Dear, you love me, an' you think it's your duty to leave me. I tell you there's no man on God's earth here'd be so desolate.'

I'd rather be dead than lose you. To lose you is the only sorrow I can imagine. I care more for one smile of yours, one touch of your dear fingers, than for anything else in all the world. If you hate me an' want to ruin my life, you'll go. Chris, if you love me, can't you see what the loss of you would mean? I tried to think of it last night an' couldn't, it was too terrible. I was like a child facing a great black cavern peopled with devils.'

His words, his earnestness, brought her new light; she had not realised the depth of his love, she had thought that the blow might be heavy at first, but that he would soon learn to forget. She understood him better now; his love was like her own, and she knew that to be imperishable. She no longer struggled, but clung to him with trembling fingers.

'I did not think you loved me like that, dear,' she said softly.

'I worship you! And you, my wife, my sweet wife?'

She slid her arms about his neck and drew his face to hers.

They stood in the centre of an open plain above which the yellow sun hung gleaming like a ball of gold; there was silence everywhere: Harry's horse stood still with his nose to the ground, at a distance Summers's buggy dipped slowly down into the bend of an old watercourse, and far off in the dim simmering background there was a hazy suggestion of trees. The solitude was complete.

'Then you won't go, Chris?' he said.

'Yes,' she answered, smiling into his face, 'but not for ever.'

He drew her closer at the suggestion.

'But why must you go? Why should we part?'

'Please, please, dear, for a time. I—I want to be away for a little while, till I can bear it better—you know what I mean. Ah!' she cried with sudden warmth, 'I thought I was going to be strong and brave, and bear it all alone; but I was only a girl, not a heroine—my heart was crying out against it by day and night.'

'We'll be very happy, Chris, in spite of those silly terrors. 'Twas Mrs. Haddon sent me after you.'

'I'm glad. Oh, I'm glad!'

He gathered her to his heart, and kissed her again and again.

'Chris,' he said, 'you're not quite fair to the people of Waddy; not a man or woman of them thinks a mean thought of you.'

'But I cannot bear to face them. Let me go for a time, and I will come back.'

'An' be my wife?'

'Yes, if you still want me.'

'If! You'll write often?'

'Every day if you wish it, dear.'

'Every day then. Good-bye, my darling. I'll let you go, but not for long. If you don't come to me soon, I will come to you.'

The parting was long and loving, and then Harry recalled Jock Summers with a loud cooey. After Chris had been helped into the buggy the old man glanced sharply at Harry.

'Well, Maister Highwayman?' he said.

'She has promised to be my wife, sir,' said Harry.

Summers looked into the girl's brimming eyes, and his face softened.

'I'm right glad,' he said simply.

Harry rode by the trap as far as the town, and then there was another parting, and he returned to Waddy like a man in a dream. That evening he told his mother that Christina Shine had promised to be his wife. Her answer surprised him.

'She is a brave, beautiful, genuine woman, and I would not have it different.'

'She said you were the best woman in the world, mother, and I believe she was right.'

'No, no, Henry; I will be content now to have you think me the second best,' said his mother, smiling.

Chris, who was staying with a relation of Summers's in Melbourne, wrote to say their parting should be for six months; but it did not last more than half that time, and meanwhile two or three matters of interest had happened in Waddy. There had been several crushings from the Native Youth, and the yields justified the highest expectations; Frank Hardy and Mrs. Haddon had been married, and Joel Ham had departed from Waddy under interesting circumstances. One evening when reading the *Mercury* in the bar at the Drovers' Arms, Ham looked up from his paper and addressed several members of the School Committee who were present:

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I'll have to get you to fill my position within a fortnight.'

'What,' cried Peterson, 'throwin' up your billet?'

'I'm wanted in England,' said the master, tapping the paper.

There was a roar at this, which Joel treated with sublime

indifference, but curiosity prompted Peterson to examine the paper closely when the teacher had set it aside, and he found the following advertisement :

‘ If this should meet the eye of Joel Hamlyn, second brother of Sir Justin Hamlyn, of Darnstable, he is hereby informed of the death of his brother and of his succession to the title and estates. Any information respecting the above Joel Hamlyn will be thankfully received.’ Then followed a description of Joel Hamlyn that was decidedly applicable to Joel Ham, and the address of a firm of Melbourne solicitors.

The schoolmaster said nothing to satisfy the curiosity of his committee, but was more communicative in the presence of Frank Hardy.

‘ I am Sir Joel Hamlyn now,’ he said, grinning down at his white moleskins and broken boots. ‘ Justin and I hated each other like brothers. He was eminently respectable, I was eminently otherwise. We parted with mutual satisfaction, but he had two boys when I left England, both of whom have since died, or there would have been no anxious and respectful inquiries for my disreputable self.’

‘ Well, I congratulate you,’ said Frank. ‘ It will be an agreeable change.’

‘ I do not know,’ said Sir Joel; ‘ I have got drunk on beer here, I shall get drunk on champagne there. That’s all the difference.’

Later, when parting with Frank for good, he said :

‘ I have a long journey before me, and I have got to make up my mind in that time in what useful capacity I shall figure in Darnstable teetotal circles, whether as a shining light or a shocking example—whether, in short, it is better to live respectable or die drunk.’

The people of Waddy never heard what Sir Joel’s conclusion was, but they had an emphatic opinion about his end; which conclusion, however reasonable it may have been in the light of past events, let us hope was the wrong one.

Harry wrote to Chris before twelve weeks had passed : ‘ I can stand this parting no longer. I am coming to you.’ Chris answering him said, ‘ Come,’ and he went; and when he returned to Waddy Chris accompanied him. They were married very quietly at Yarraman a few months later, and Dick Haddon was the only absentee amongst their immediate friends who have figured in this story. When Harry and Chris were restored to

happiness his interest in them lost its keen edge, but he was considerate enough to send an apology to the bridegroom.

‘Dear Harry,’ he wrote, ‘I’m sorry I can’t come and be best man at your wedding, but there is to be a great race to-day—my grey billy, Butts, against Jacker Mack’s black billy, Boxer, for two pocket-knives and a joey ’possum, owners up—and of course I couldn’t get away.—Your mate, Dick.’

THE END.

The Love Affairs of Frances Cromwell.

OF the Protector's three daughters, the youngest, according to all contemporary accounts, seems to have been the flower of the bunch. Spoiled and humoured she certainly was, and, with the audacity seldom lacking in the junior member of a large family, usually succeeded in attaining the end she desired.

Frances Cromwell's attractions must, indeed, have been considerable if the smallest credence is to be placed in the rather apocryphal story that her pretensions as a possible match for that connoisseur of female charms, the Merry Monarch in his pre-Restoration days, were actually at one time under discussion. We may, however, safely dismiss this legend at the outset, and begin to date Frances's love affairs from her coquettish relations with her father's sprightly and amusing chaplain, Jerry White, and her succeeding acquaintance with young Robert Rich, heir-presumptive to the seventeenth-century Warwick earldom.

The portrait of the Lady Frances at Chequer's Court exhibits traces of distinct comeliness if not of beauty, although it was not painted until she was near middle life, and had been for some years a widow for the second time. She is still wearing the dark weeds of her mourning, and the chastened lines of her countenance belie the coquetry of her youth. This has now given place to some expression of that anxious preoccupation with household cares for which her practical second husband chides her so sensibly.

Her correspondence with this staid partner, Sir John Russell of Chippenham, which has been recently brought to light in the last report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, supplies a series of genuine love-letters, written before and after marriage, which might afford a model for many fictitious collections.¹

¹ By the kindness of Mr. Bertram F. Russell-Astley, of Chequer's Court, the owner, I am able to give the entire text of several of the letters, which I have transcribed from the originals.

Born at Ely and baptised on December 6, 1638, Frances (in consequence of her father's elevation to the dignity of Lord Protector, she is usually spoken of as the Lady Frances) was about seventeen when that intimacy with young Robert Rich began, which was to throw two families into 'the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor family can be in,' to use the words of Mary Cromwell, writing to her brother Henry in Ireland. For nearly two years the pros and cons of the Cromwell-Rich match occupied all their friends' attention. First it was on, then it was off; not from any coolness on the part of the lovers, but as the result of over-anxious parents and grand-parents, and much-to-be-desired settlements. These, at least, were the ostensible hindrance. There is very little doubt, however, that Frances's father employed the financial difficulties as a veil to cover his more personal and particular objections.

Young Rich's grandfather, the Earl of Warwick, was, of course, a tried and trusted friend. As Lord High Admiral of England under the Parliament, he had been brought in direct contact with the Protector. Of his sober piety and good intentions there could be no doubt in the Protector's mind. He was a man after Cromwell's own heart. But his son—the young man's father—was of quite another stamp. It may have been the reaction from a rigid Puritan training, but certainly none of Lord Warwick's three sons followed him in the pious courses in which they had been reared. The elder and the younger, Robert, Lord Rich, and Hatton Rich, were men of notorious debauchery. The middle son, Charles, was deterred from following their particular vices by the exhortations of his saintly wife, and by gout, which for nearly twenty years chained him a helpless cripple to his chair or couch.

Young Robert seems to have been a well-disposed and good-natured creature, devoid of any pretensions to brilliancy. He had always enjoyed the most indifferent health. As a motherless only child, he had been humoured and spoiled; yet in spite of his frequently erratic courses, he was the object of much devotion on the part of those two very different individuals, the Earl of Warwick and Christian, Countess of Devonshire, his surviving grand-parents. But a time arrived when either was alike unable to proceed in what, when writing to him, they each name as 'your business.' Robert, with all the usual irresponsibility, waywardness, and selfish vanity of a young man desperately in love, had deliberately vanished, taken himself off to the country, and left

no clue behind as to his whereabouts. It was not for the first time. On the present occasion, however, he seems to have given warning of his intention in a letter to his grandfather, to which the latter replies somewhat sternly :

‘Robin,—I have received your letter, and am not a little troubled at your withdrawing of yourself anew from your friends and where we shall not know where to have you. If anything be done in your business this term it must be speedily done, for your father is necessitated to go to the Bath for his health, and stays only upon it; and this term is so short that if we were all agreed upon the business, I do not see how we could transact it, the books to be drawn being so long. And if we shall overslip this term, you can act nothing in this business till Michaelmas term, which is the latter end of October. I fear my Lord Protector does not mean you shall have his daughter; his demands are so high in things that cannot be granted, for you know what ado I have had with your father about them. And the more trust my Lord Protector leaves with me ’twill be better for you. If you could have withdrawn yourself for a few days you might have gone to my house at Rochford and lain there as long as you would, and nobody to trouble you. Your father takes it very ill that you have been often here and never came to visit him. I shall this night or to-morrow morning, if Mr. Pyrpoint comes from the Wells, speak with him about your business, but if my Lord Protector insists upon these high demands your business will soon be at an end, for I assure you nothing could have made me come to half that I have offered, but seeing your great affection to my Lady Frances and her good respect to you.

‘I would have you send me word where you are that we may know how to send to you.’

About the same date (May, 1656) Lady Devonshire writes also to her ‘Sweet Robin,’ to say that if it had been possible for his friends to communicate with him, he ‘would not have been so great a stranger to their inclinations to further you in what you principally desire.’ They desire his liberty and freedom as much as he can do, she adds, and rejoice with him that he is ‘likely to be delivered suddenly from your obscure condition.’ She then goes on, amid other advice, to implore him to neglect nothing that is for the good of his health; which she is glad to hear is better. On no account must he slight a cold. ‘Care of yourself will now be more considerable than ever, that this romance may receive a happy close.’

Soon after, the engagement, which had then lasted several months, was broken off. Cromwell professed that the terms of marriage settlements offered by the Riches were not equal to his expectations. He seems to have privately informed his daughter that he personally disapproved of and distrusted her admirer. Had heard reports of his being 'vicious, given to play and such like things; which office was done by some who had a mind to break off the match,' Mary Cromwell tells us. It is more than probable that the astute Jeremiah White was at the bottom of this fabrication, for fabrication it certainly was. Such pretensions as that aspirant entertained on his own part were, however, speedily disposed of by the young lady's father.

In the strictly religious circle of the Protector's Court even so innocent a piece of gallantry as the reverend chaplain's admiration of Frances could not be carried on without spies; and the Protector was assisted one day to surprise Jerry on his knees before that outrageous young flirt, his youngest daughter. The chaplain was, in fact, arrested in the very act of kissing her hand.

Cromwell's slow, heavy anger rose to his lips, and he coldly demanded the meaning of the scene. But Jerry, whom Oldmixon quaintly describes as 'the top wit of Oliver's Court,' was never at a loss for a word. With characteristic presence of mind, he adroitly explained that he had long been courting 'that young gentlewoman, my Lady's woman,' although without success. He was now, therefore, humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for him.

Cromwell turned at once upon the waiting-woman, and requested to be informed why she refused the honour his friend, Mr. White, would do her.

Jerry, for once, had met his match. The young woman had, it is true, been credited with a partiality in the chaplain's direction, but, apart from this, the opportunity was distinctly not one to be neglected. Curtseying low, she replied, magnanimously, that if Mr. White intended her that honour, she would not be so churlish as to deny him.

'Call Godwin,' returned Cromwell; 'this business shall be done at once.'

And the ill-assorted pair were married then and there. Perhaps we may look upon them as victims of the sole example of the Protector's rather sorry practical joking, indulged in in a distinctly mordant humour. He could do no less than present the bride

with a portion, and the 500*l.* which he added to her own fortune placed Jerry White in easy circumstances for life, except in one thing, as the narrative adds, that he never loved his wife nor she him, although they lived together near fifty years after. Frances, at any rate, bore him no grudge, and her former admirer acted for many years as domestic chaplain to her second husband.

Whilst amusing herself with the parson, Frances was busy sifting the truth from the reports about Robert Rich. She had obtained from her father a promise that if he could be satisfied that these were false, 'the estate should not break it off.' Coquette as she was, she seems to have been much in love with Rich, and had even, according to her sole confidante, Mary, been unwise enough to indulge in philandering of a somewhat compromising character with him. It fills her Puritan sister with pious horror. 'Truly I must tell you privately,' Mary writes to her brother Henry in June, 1656, 'they are so far engaged that the match cannot be broke off. Dear brother, this is as far as I can tell the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do.'

Matters, however, dragged on for more than another year. What the young man's grandfather was able to effect towards a settlement was undone by his father, who, 'having no esteem at all of his son because he is not so bad as himself,' showed little disposition to settle such sums of money as he enjoyed in his own right upon his only son after his death. He had, of course, the three infant and motherless daughters of his second wife to consider. Probably in the end both parties conceded something.

When, at last, all obstacles were smoothed away, and the wedding day fixed, nobody was better pleased than the good grandfather who had striven so hard for this desired end. How his hopes centred round this marriage for his feeble, sickly young heir may be guessed from a quaint, frolicsome little note which he despatched to the bridegroom about a week before his wedding. That young gentleman apparently had made another of those sudden retreats which in pre-post and telegraph days could be so successfully achieved. Lord Warwick begins his letter with a singular endearment:

'Thou small cur, yet a cur to the best, finest lady in the world, there is nothing can excuse you from running away but the hope I have you have since seen your happiness. But be of good comfort for a few days, for in one seven nights your sun shall shine on you to a lasting comfort, if you continue worthy of her favour.'

And so, small white cur, God bless thee! Your grandsire, as you please,

WARWICK.

'From your mistress' chamber this Wednesday afternoon.'

Although it is undated, this facetious little epistle can be safely assigned to November 4, 1657, for the wedding took place upon Wednesday, November 11, at the Palace of Whitehall. Banns of marriage, according to the then recent Act, had been published at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on three previous Sundays, October 25, and November 1 and 7.

The father's reluctance to consent to his daughter's marriage was amply justified by the sequel. Only three months after his marriage Robert Rich, whom, 'living or languishing, dying or dead,' his young wife had tended with all possible devotion, died at Whitehall on February 16, 1658, and Frances was left a widow¹ at the age of nineteen.

Rich had been dead near three weeks when, on March 5, a pompous funeral wended its way down to Felsted to deposit his remains with the other descendants of that questionable character, but undoubted benefactor to the quiet Essex village on the hill, Lord Chancellor Rich, who had been laid to rest in the church there.

Robert's grandfather was nearly broken-hearted. 'If you only keep his body a little longer you may carry me away along with him and bury me also,' he said to his attendants as they awaited the funeral procession from London. In less than three months he, too, had indeed departed; and in just over a year he was followed by his son Robert, father of Frances's bridegroom.

Dr. Gauden, of 'Eikon Basilike' fame, who had been the young man's tutor, and had accompanied him to France, officiated at his former pupil's obsequies. His sermon, *Funerals made Cordials*, when printed extends to one hundred and fourteen dreary, unedifying pages. One is glad, for the sake of the funeral party, to learn that it is in this form 'much enlarged beyond the horary limits of a sermon,' and that what was 'necessarily and excusably contracted in the pulpit is now dilated in the press.' Nevertheless, it must have been sufficiently nauseous to listen to, with its admixture of fulsome flattery and iteration of the noisome consequences of corporeal dissolution.

So closes Episode II. of Madam Frances's love affairs.

¹ At the autopsy, conducted by six physicians and two surgeons in the presence of Dr. Gauden, he was pronounced to have died of king's evil, i.e. scrofula.

Misfortunes soon accumulated on the house of Cromwell. Lady Claypoole's death, in August of the same year, plunged the whole family into grief. When, a month after, on the day of his two great victories, September 3, the Protector himself died, loss of fortune followed the losses of relatives. The confiscated estate of New Hall in Essex had been granted to Cromwell, and settled by him upon his youngest daughter. It had now again to be surrendered, and was bestowed by an effusive people upon Monck, Duke of Albemarle, for his share in restoring the monarchy they had condemned and destroyed.

All the efforts of her friends did not succeed in keeping for Frances her forfeited estate, although she did recover some of her forfeited jewellery. Soon after the Restoration a warrant was issued under the sign manual of the King for the delivery to her of a diamond and ruby bracelet, which was 'seized as goods of Oliver Cromwell, and which we are satisfied properly belongs unto her.' She was to acquire, however, and with little delay, a treasure of far more intrinsic value.

In those days of marrying and remarrying it was not to be expected that the hand of so young and attractive a widow should remain long unsought. Frances's unfortunate experiment in matrimony had by no means cured her of coquetry, and the next suitor who made his appearance was treated to all those variations of favour and disdain which consign your serious lover to the tortures of the damned. Judging from epistolary symptoms, this one had succumbed to a most aggravated form of the universal malady.

The son of Sir Francis Russell, of Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, John Russell, was then aged about thirty.¹ His acquaintance with the Cromwell family was not new, for Henry Cromwell had already some nine years earlier married his elder sister, Elizabeth. Russell's letters to the object of his devotion show him to have been a man of deep and tender nature. Doubtless a modern lover would substitute for his protestations disquisitions upon favourite books and authors, comments upon scenery or quotations from the poets. The sentiment he would be content to take for granted. He would be rare indeed who could give it so perfect an expression.

The first letter, which follows, evidently commences a correspondence (altogether one-sided at first) for which personal intercourse, daily growing more amatory in nature, has been rather

¹ He was baptised at Chippenham, October 6, 1632 (Noble.)

suddenly exchanged. The lover has been recalled, he says, by duty to his country home. The inevitable change of perspective has put the finishing touch to his ardour:

‘Chippenham: November 28, 1662.

‘Madam,—In spite of all y^t distance into which my duty has thrown me, you are still so really present that I find it now as difficult a thing to write to your ladyship as it but lately was to speak to you. This, madam, is my honest apologie, y^t I have not all this while troubled you with an addresse. My soul has not been sluggish, but alas! is both unable and affraid to pay its devotions, so little, madam, is your ladyship beholden to me for that repose and quiet you have enjoyed since I last importuned you. All my reliefe is in this reasonable persuation; surely that perfection which I feele so omnipotent with me, must be equally omniscient and good. You have too great a place in my heart to be unacquainted with any of its motions; you cannot, indeed, but see all those tremblings, those passions and languishings which your own preence makes it feele; you must know all that which I would say did I not want words and courage to express it. Oh, how happy shall I bee if I may but finde your ladyship as great an image of those powers above in goodness and condescension as you are in their severall excellencies. Heaven does not deny our services because our apprehensions are short and our merit nothing. You know, madam, what I ail, what I would tell you, what I would have. Be gracious to one that humbly expects his life or death from your decree.

‘I dare not, madam, be so rude as to beg a letter from you, and yet my respect to your Ladyship’s quiet gives me this impudence. Would you, madam, be rid of me and all those disturbances which you are still likely to receive from me, do but bless me with a line or two, and I shall certainly die for joy, and so you will escape those further impertinences which else you must suddenly expect.’

Frances was not to be drawn by this letter into conceding too easily what indeed it was kinder to withhold, since the writer, according to his own account, was unable to bear it and live. He manages, however, to keep in existence for a fortnight, and then takes up his pen once more. He is now about to die unless he obtains the favour of one line. And for his lady’s sake he considers himself bound to preserve his life.

The thermometer is rising rapidly in his letters; two weeks have brought a marked increase of warmth:

‘I should be afraid thus to repeat your Ladyship’s trouble did I not now consider myself only as your servant, and upon that account value my own preservation. It is that, madam, which has so hugely endeared me to myself and this world that I begin to be fondly tender of that life which will speedily prove burdensome to me if I am denied your livery. . . . When I wrote last, I was afraid to receive a favour from your Ladyship lest it should fill me with such ecstasies as might throw me out of my very being, and now I die unless I may obtain one. Thus devout, religious souls tremble when they are going to Heaven, and yet pine and mourn because they are not there. . . . But why do I at this distance beg for that I ought to fetch? Yes, madam, I am resolved very speedily to throw myself at your Ladyship’s feet; . . . I fly, methinks I am all wings, and if in the next moment you see me not waiting upon you, it is because, madam, I bring with me my poor all.’

Even this was apparently powerless to melt the heart of Frances, and, unable longer to endure both silence and banishment, the lover again pours himself out upon paper. There is no date to the next letter of the series. Shall we suppose a fortnight to have elapsed? a week? three days? In view of the pious condition to which he is now reduced, the latter would perhaps be the most reasonable supposition:

‘Chippenham.

‘Love and fear, grief and impatience, are my perpetual tormentors. I cannot sleep but with a great deal of disturbance. I have not the same advantage of air as other men. I do not so much breathe as sigh. This is the condition I have been in ever since I saw you last, and now, madam, that I have made known my torments to you, give me leave to tell you that there is nothing in this world can give me anything of ease but one line from your Ladyship, for which I as earnestly beg for as I would for a morsel of bread if I were ready to starve; and since, madam, it is in your power to take me off this rack, it concerns your generosity very much not to use cruelty to one who cries you quarter, and casts himself at your feet, where I beg that you would be pleased some time to remember that I am, madam, your Ladyship’s most humble and most dutiful servant.’

Could a woman remain obdurate in the face of such pleading?

Yes, she apparently could and did, for his next (which is evidently out of its sequence in the published report) seems to imply that even the 'one single line' so eloquently solicited is still withheld. There is again no date, but this lover had probably not let many days elapse before he again addressed his lady-love in words of protest:

'I ask not, madam, what is become of my last scribblings. I make no complaints of your Ladyship's silence. I beg no expressions of kindness from you. I do not so much as tell you how much I honour and serve you. The excess of my passion for you, as well as my respects to you, strike me dumb, and confound me.'

His 'dumbness' consists in being remarkably eloquent through several pages. And to the eloquence is now added some gentle reproach:

'It is confessed to your hand that the same understanding which commands me to love you, requires you to slight and scorn me. Only, madam, indulge me this freedom, to assure your Ladyship that I must, in spite of your too, too reasonable severity, live or die yours. . . . I am such a sinner, methinks it's pride in me to pray, nor may I ever expect to be blessed unless, like Heaven, you forgive and show mercy to your Ladyship's most humble creature.'

These appeals at length obtained a reply, although in the letter she at last condescends to grant, Frances still shows herself provokingly far from taking her lover seriously. In a bit of dainty and delicious raillery she dissociates herself entirely from any participation in the 'wicked' malady from which he is such a sufferer. Her letter also is undated:

'I am very sorry you have entertained an affection which proves so troublesome to you, and hope you will not wonder if I take care to preserve myself from the passion which has done you so much mischief. You are too reasonable to interpret this slighting of you, for I consider you so much herein as to make you my example, and for your sake am an enemy to that wicked disease called love, because it handles you so severely. I assure you, sir, I so far sympathise with you as upon your account to be afraid of it, and advise you as soon as possibly you can to rid yourself of such an uncivil guest. Surely that which unmans you, which torments you with much fear, grief and impatience, which disturbs your rest, denies you the common benefit of air (and so near Newmarket Heath, too), and turns all your

breath into sighs, must needs be very dangerous to a poor silly woman.

‘You have no reason to complain of these lines, because they express as much charity and care for you as faithfulness to myself. You are too honest to wish another infected because you are sick. I hope for your recovery. If I have not forgot the contents of your last, I think I have more than satisfied your own desire, for you were so reasonable as to consider my poverty, and so only requested one line.’

The answer to this sprightly specimen of feminine wit does not seem to be included in the series preserved. Before the following letter was indited, Frances had apparently conceded some kind of a promise that at a ‘convenient time’ she would allow her banished admirer to again present himself, not without the hope of a warmer reception. The forlorn picture he draws of himself in the next letter is so irresistible that one wonders how the lady, who seems already relenting, could make up her mind to part with it, even if writing-paper was scarce. Her answer is written upon the back of it. Russell professes :

‘The greatest pleasure I ever had in my life is that of having seen you, and the greatest torment is being at this distance. It is certainly but just that so great a good fortune as that of having found you should cost me something, nay, though it were my life, I should not think I had bought it at too dear a rate. . . . Even at the same time that I suffer that I see you not and am in doubt whether you love me, I would not change conditions with those who are most fortunate, who see, and who enjoy. I cannot now in any company exceed a smile, and when I have viewed all about me, I retire into a corner by myself. Be pleased, therefore, dear madam, that that convenient time (as you were pleased to call it) may be with the soonest, and that after so much suffering I may enjoy the greatest of happinesses.’

Turning over the sheet, we find Frances Rich’s reply. She is awaiting the completion of her affairs, which are now being negotiated by her former admirer, the chaplain, Jerry White, the invaluable friend of her family, who was acting as Mrs. Cromwell’s trustee and adviser ; his return from Hursley, where the Protector’s widow was domiciled, was daily expected. Affairs between the lovers have vastly progressed ; she now reproaches him for doubting her love :

‘I have received yours, and have only now time to thank you for the very great expressions of love I find in it. I will not now

complain of you or chide you, otherwise I could take it ill you should, after all that has passed between yourself and me, say you are in a doubt whether I love you; nor can I allow you to mention so much your suffering upon my account, since I must tell you my usage has been very favourable; but I excuse all such escapes of your pen, as proceeding from an extravagant passion, and for your sake wish the object of it more considerable. To make it so is the account your fuller satisfaction is delayed, and till those affairs depending are ripened, be content with the very good fortune you have hitherto had, and, as patiently as you can, lengthen out your consideration and respect of her who has, she thinks, very early put you into a capacity of pretending to her and deserved the expectation. At Mr. White's return from Hursley, you shall hear further.'

All the preceding letters, save Russell's two first of November 28 and December 12, 1662, are undated. They must, however, have followed hard upon each other. The next, which is here given in full, is dated February 14. This lover had no idea of letting the grass grow under his feet. He presses for a speedy end to be put to the 'dark interval' he languishes in, and it was not long before his persistence was rewarded. Meanwhile he writes two letters to his lady-love. In the first he is still on the rack of uncertainty:

'Chippenham: February 14 (?1663).

'Madam,—It is impossible for me to expresse the torture my whole being is in until your Ladyship satisfie the hope you have given me leave to entertain. I confess it is a very great presumption and boldness in me to pretend to more, but I cannot help it. Like a man that is pressed down, I cry, "More waight"; or rather like those good soules which have had a foretaste of that blessedness to come, am all wing, flame, and desire, till I am got to the full possession of it.

'Dear madam, I conjure you by Heaven's example, by all that pity, compassion, bounty, and goodness which has prevailed with you to own me this far, by that vehement passion which your Ladyship has both kindled and approved, that you would now perfect what you have so generously begun.

'Dear madam, say "come" to him who perseveringly is making to you, and must be so for ever, so great an infiniteness of pleasure and worth has he discovered in you.

'Let other things be good husbands and spare themselves,

but your Ladyship can lose nothing by a full discovery of yourself, for you are too great to know any bounds.

‘Dear madam, once more let me beg you to abbreviate these tedious, dark intervalls I languish in, and pronounce the jubilees and triumphs of, madam, your Ladyship’s faithful and most obedient

JOHN RUSSELL.’

This appeal must have brought a welcome summons to the side of his mistress. At that interview, apparently, the happy day was fixed. As he reluctantly retraces his unwilling steps to Cambridgeshire, Russell indites, upon the road, the following epistle:

(? April 1663).

‘Thus farre I have forc’d myselfe to endure what I cannot helpe, but I find it impossible to get beyond this place without looking back. The truth is I wonder at my own tameness that I come not myselfe, but, madam, you and your businesse command the contrary, and this consideration I find so reasonable and powerfull, that it wholly disposes of mee. It is but fit you should be obeyed. Yes, madam, I am jogging on to a place that can yield no pleasure whilst you are not in it, and only comfort myself in this, that I am going to prepare it for your Ladyship. Oh, God! how it torments my grateful soul that after all is done, it will be no more worthy of you. But you, madam, can only make it and everything else considerable. Were it not for this thought, I should be ashamed to show myself again to her that I must hasten to, or die. Yes, madam, I am impatient till your Ladyship has compleated my blessedness, I am sensibly afflicted that he can signifie no more to whom you show the honor and happiness of subscribing himselfe, madam, your most affectionate, obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN RUSSELL.’

This belongs, perhaps, to some day in the month of April 1663. The expectant lover had not many weeks to spend over his preparations. On May 7 the courtship ended in marriage, and Sir John Russell and the Lady Frances Cromwell became one.

The series of letters is, however, by no means ended. Nor does the tone of them alter much, save that instead of indulging in abstractions of sentiment, the husband is content to offer his wife excellent practical advice about not being overburdened with household cares. The former spoilt and coquettish beauty seems

to have become a very Martha after her second marriage. 'Dear rogue,' writes her husband from Newmarket, soon after the marriage, 'make much of thyself, and let not thy domestic affairs trouble thee, and in so doing you will oblige your poor but loving husband and dear dog. P.S.—About five this morning I write this nonsense.' He begs her to come over to his brother-in-law, Lord Thomond's, to dine, as there is to be an extra 'good dinner upon her account,' but she, declining, upon the back of his letter says, lovingly, 'Eat for thyself and me too, for I shall fast till I see thee.' To add to her domestic worries, Frances is suffering from a troublesome cook. Her husband writes, very sensibly: 'Dear child, make much of thyself, and let it not be in the power of that ridiculous woman to give thee any trouble, I hope she will have gone before you get this.' More than this, he most capably sets about finding a woman to replace the kitchen failure. And towards this end, during one of his visits to town he enlists the aid of Frances's sister, Mary, Lady Fauconberg: 'My Lord and Lady Fauconberg, I this day dined with. My Lord is very melancholy at the loss of his two sisters. He intends to keep Christmas with you. My Lady has taken a cook-maid for you. I have not seen her yet, but she was under-cook to Lord Castleton, and Lady Fauconberg thinks is very fit for you. Pray dismiss your bedlam-cook with all the speed you can. I am sure she cannot but be a great plague to you.'

Another time he remarks, 'Nurse Fletcher is sending down your housekeeper. Do not take too much care, but make much of yourself. I hope your claret is good. If not, let me know, and anything else you would have me do for you.' And on one of his visits to town this good husband writes for his wife's edification that he does not perceive that 'there is any particular fashion, but everybody pleasing their own fancy.' 'Those few things I am to buy for you shall be bought by my cousin Chicheley,' in whose taste he had evidently more confidence than in his own. 'If thou designest to make thy poor husband happy let not the cares of this world trouble thee, and it is done,' he winds up.

All Russell's letters to his wife are full of affection, and grief at the separation from her occasioned by the law business which keeps him in town. She is evidently still sometimes exacting, since in one of his communications he avers that he is so angry with her for her severe letter that he cannot be in good humour until she makes him amends, and is no longer so cruel as to doubt the

real love of her 'poor husband, who thinks himself in purgatory while absent from her dear self.'

Frances is no longer coy: 'Although I got well to this place' (her sister, Lady Fauconberg's), 'where as you told me I should be received with a great deal of joy and kindness' (she writes), 'yet methinks I want thy dear self to complete this present pleasure which I now enjoy. I can most truly assure thee that as well as I love this place, and as much respect and fondness as I meet with from my dear sister and other persons, yet I could not live contented here without thee. . . . I pray God bless my dear, and send him safe to his most passionately fond, dearly loving wife.'

With these words, written in February 1670, the correspondence closes. A month later, Frances Russell was a second time a widow, although only thirty-two. This time she was able to find some consolation in her four children. The second boy she had named, after her first husband, Rich Russell. Sixty years after she had stood before the altar as young Rich's bride, she was still alive. But she made no further essays in matrimony, and perhaps the romance that fell to her share in early life was of the kind that does not repeat itself.

CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH.

John Nolan's Inheritance.

JOHAN NOLAN was lounging across the low wall which separated the yard about his mother's house from the road. John was never in a hurry. His great strength made labour light to him which left other men panting, and in the row of the scythemen he was always first to the end of his swathe, his cart was the first loaded, his stack the first to be finished and capped. He always had time for a song or a joke, and he took life and his work as they came with the same easy good-nature. He had come down the road with a long swinging stride till he reached his mother's house, and saw her busy with her knitting at the door; and he found it pleasant to lounge awhile across the wall and talk to her, though in accordance with all laws of custom he should have hardened his face and gone by on the other side, for John and his mother had quarrelled, or rather would have quarrelled if they had not been John and his mother.

The cause of the difference was no uncommon one. Ould Mary Nolan, as she was called to distinguish her from the many younger Marys of the same stock, was a widow. Her husband had died when John and his sister Norah were as yet only babies, but she had carried on the farm herself and prospered. Norah was a dairymaid at the 'big house,' and was seldom at home, which was accounted but little loss by her mother and brother, as she was of vixenish temper and prone to unreasonable strife. John had inherited his mother's unruffled humour, and he and she lived together in perfect agreement and understanding. Mary worshipped her son both for himself and the fond resemblance she fancied to the idealised memory she had made of his hard-drinking, hot-tempered father, and she was ambitious for his sake that when he married the match should be a good one; but John fell in love without discretion, and his choice by no means agreed with his mother's ideas. He was obstinate in his easy way, and so was she, with more feminine show of temper. She argued with him, but

he had only one answer; she tempted him with promises, but they left him unmoved; she called in the aid of the priest, and John himself obligingly went for the reverend father; she threatened disinheritance, and he laughed in her face; and finally, in a burst of petulance, she told him that if he dared marry against her will he should never darken her door again, and, very much to her astonishment, John took her at her word.

Mary still hoped for his submission, though he had taken a cottage and some furniture to fill it, till one morning she heard that he and the girl together had gone off to the chapel to be married. Her disappointment was greater than she cared to admit, and for the first time since her husband had taken himself and his temper to bother another world she lost her control and gave way to passion. She took a cart down to John's cottage and carried away all his belongings, leaving only the bare walls to welcome the new-married couple.

John laughed at it all as he kissed away his wife's tears, and set out to borrow a table and chairs, and an armful of straw for the bridal bed. The old woman's temper was gone by next morning, and, though she refused to hear the moving recital of the young couple's difficulties, she mentioned casually that 'that bla'guard might take his ould things out of the way in her yard.'

John laughed at his mother's sour face as she watched him from the doorway when he came to collect his few household gods.

'Sure, mother, you've tould me time and agin I'd lie in the straw, but by your way of talkin' it was to be the ind instid of the beginnin'.'

She turned into the house without answering him; but John thought, when setting out the things on the dresser, that there was a pot or two and a few more bowls and dishes than he remembered having bought, and there was a good length of stout woollen cloth that won him a kiss from his wife he knew he had not earned. He kept his own counsel, as he knew his mother too well to interpret this into any sign of relenting.

There was no open quarrel between mother and son. They met at chapel and market without any insult or taunt. 'It's a fine day, mother.' 'It is, John, glory be to God,' and they passed on. Norah came home to help fill John's place, and though she tried her best to darken counsel she could not succeed in putting bitterness in the dispute.

'Norah,' her mother would say, 'I'll take your advice when I

ask it. Mind your work, an' remimber your mother's your mother.'

Some five or six years went by. John and his wife had prospered and had children about them, but the old difference continued, though John and his mother were still on the friendliest terms when they met. The old woman never looked in on his wife, nor met her, that she did not inquire, 'An how're the childer, Ellen?' and one small mite of the family had found his own way to Granny's house and Granny's heart. Little Patsy was free of both, and seemed to divine the love hidden under the placid features of the determined old woman.

Mary Nolan was growing old. The work in the dairy and the management of the farm were too much for her strength. She sat much by the door, where she could keep an eye on the girls; but the men were out of sight, and things were not going at all well. Her daughter was a poor substitute, and the farm suffered.

John looked on and made no attempt to interfere; and this afternoon, as on many another of late, he leaned over the wall chatting with his mother and giving her his view of the state of affairs with good-humoured impartiality. She answered him, agreeing with most that he said, but his criticism rankled. She knew the farm was mismanaged, and she grew almost bitter at thought of John's wife, whom she blamed as the cause of a Nolan having to leave his own land and work for another. She was jealous, also, of her son's prosperity, because she had had no hand in it, and she vented her disappointment on him now.

'John, you've been the bad son to me.'

'Yes, mother,' said John cheerfully.

'You wint away an' left me an' the farm, an' not wan but that flighty slip of a girl to help me; an' now you see what you've made of your ould mother, an' the whole place goin' to rack an' ruin.'

'Be asy in your mind; sure, I'm everything you say an' more, but I couldn't be helpin' meself.'

'John, you've been the bad son to me, an' I'm tellin' you I'm not long for the world; an' there's wan thing I'll ask you, you'll not come near me whin I'm dead.'

'Don't trouble yourself, mother.'

'An' you'll not come to my wake, John.'

'Divil a step.'

'An' you'll not come to my funeral, John.'

'Mother, it's little you've botherin' you. I'd not cross the road

for it,' John assented, with mock indignation at being asked so obviously unnecessary a question.

'An', mind now, John, I'll not rest asy if you come.'

'Sure, wake, or weddin', or buryin', I'll not stir a fut, so you can make your mind asy,' and he took his arms off the wall; 'but I think you might do worse than I tould you wi' the corner field. I'll be goin' now.'

'John,' the old woman repeated as he moved away, 'you've been the bad son to me, an' it's neglectin' your own childer you are. Is it iver you give thim a dacint male or a stitch to their back? Sind me over that poor child Patsy.'

'Divil a much sindin' he wants,' said John with a grin.

'An', John, you'll remember what I tould you.'

'Yes, sure. I'll remimber asy, for it's the cross ould woman you are, an' it's little likin' I'd have anyway to come to your funeral;' and before his mother could answer him he was swinging down the road out of hearing. She looked long after him, and when she lifted the knitting from her lap she seemed surprised and a little angry to find that she had been crying.

Mary Nolan had grown old before she was aware. She had been so long accustomed to active work and management that at first she could not realise that her time had come to step aside and make room for the younger generation. She fought hard against her growing infirmity, but the easy chair by the door drew her more and more; and at last a morning came when dawn grew into day and found her still abed, and she knew she had left herself no time to grow old.

She accepted the situation uncomplainingly. She was not ill, she was not weary, she was simply worn out, and she was content to lie still and wait the end of all. John she loved in spite of her queer quarrel with him, but her love was tempered by a little contemptuous pity. He had never grown up in her eyes. Sure, he was soft, or he would never have been led away from his own interests by that little black Ellen Bourke—the Nolans were all fair and big, upstanding men and women. She had to admit that the girl made a good wife, but she had neither money nor land; and if John had been prosperous since his marriage it must have been because of his deserving as a Nolan and her son and not through any personal endeavour of his own. She thought of him still as the easy-going lad who had never crossed her till his marriage, and she feared for his future when she would be gone, for she believed that the farm had gone back,

not for want of his guidance, but rather because of her own compulsory neglect.

As for Norah, she was never a favourite. She was too unstable, too flighty. She was hard with her money, grudging and unwilling to share, but sharp-tongued in outcry if others did not share with her. She was a girl, too, and the quiet old woman had set her heart's treasure on her only son.

It was late in the day when Mary got up from her bed and dragged herself feebly out to the yard for her usual round of the dairy and haggart. She stood long by an old shed that she had more than once urged her daughter to have repaired, that she might keep two or three cows of her own. Norah always put it off, and once or twice when her mother gave her a few pounds with a hint that she might employ it in getting a man to put the shed right, she promised, but put the money in bank.

Mary went in and pulled the rickety door after her, and when she came out crept back with many a lingering pause and backward look on all she was leaving, back to the house and her bed. The next day she sent one of the girls for Father Ryan.

'An' tell him,' said she, 'it's the last time I'll trouble him.'

'Oh, ma'am, ma'am,' cried the girl in sudden distress.

'Hould your tongue, you big fool,' said Mary. 'It's nivir a sick call he's made to me; an' if I'm goin', I'm goin', an' mebbe you won't be so ready with your cryin' at the ind.'

Father Ryan came, and was closeted with her for a long time. He called in Norah, and sent for John, who arrived in a few minutes. He had heard the news, and was hanging about on the roadside anxious to see his mother, yet afraid of offending his mother by coming uncalled.

Norah tossed her head at his entrance. 'Musha, you're ready enough, now, to do as you're tould.'

'Hould your tongue, girl,' said her mother.

'Well, thin, I'm thinkin' it's better I'm deservin' after the way he trated you, an' me slavin' for you mornin' an' night. It's little call he has to be here.'

'Hould your tongue, Norah, I tell you,' the old woman repeated; 'it'll be time enough givin' orders whin I'm could in me coffin. I'll have no wan tellin' me what I'm to do and what I'm not to do while I've the breath in me body.'

'Now listen to me, both of ye. I'm ould an' me time's come, an' Father Ryan here knows it, an' he knows what I've done for

ye, an' it's all down in black an' white, an' he'll see it carried through so there'll be no disputin' it.

'John, I've mebbe been hard on you,' she went on in her clear, passionless voice, so little changed that he could not bring himself to believe that his mother was dying as he listened. 'John, you're asy an' asy led, an' I don't know what luck give you the good, for it's too much of the playboy entirely you are. Now, listen to me, both of ye, though mebbe it's watchin' the breath out of me body ye are, for what ye'll be gettin'; but ye'll watch for a while, for ye'll naither get anything till I'm buried a year. John, you'll take the farm for wan year, an' come this time next year if you're able to show Father Ryan wan hundred pounds of your own the farm'll be yours, but if you don't the farm and everything on it is to go to Norah. Do you take it, John?'

'Take it,' cried John—'take it, mother; sure, I will, an' that with a heart an' a half.'

'But, mind, John, you'll lose it if you don't show the money.'

'Lose it or keep it, it's mine for a year anyway, an' what more'd I ask? Sure, it's nivir been without a man of the Nolans on it since ivir it wor a farm.'

'An' am I to get nothing?' grumbled Norah. 'It's asy seen what you think of your daughter.'

The priest frowned a remonstrance, and the old woman continued: 'You wor always a fool, Norah, an' that you'll be to the ind of your days. I've forgotten nothing. No wan will be able to say I didn't dale fair with me childer. There's 300*l*. in the bank, an' if John gets the farm you'll get that, an' if he doesn't he'll get the 300*l*. That's all now.' After a pause she said: 'I'd like to see Patsy, John. He's the fine child, God bless him, an' was always fond of his ould Granny. Be good to him, John; an' Father Ryan here has something for him whin he wants it.'

Norah's greed rose at mention of this uncounted legacy, and she carped at her mother: 'Well, if wan gets all the land, it's only fair the other should get all the money. You don't think of the work I've done for you, an' the good place I left to come home to you.'

'Shame!' said the priest; but Mary rebuked the girl unmoved. 'Nivir mind her. She doesn't think of the good rarin' I give her; an' if she left a good place she got a good home, an' no loss to her with her cow and a couple of pigs an' her hins an' her turkeys. An' John makin' his own livin' too. I've med up me mind, an' it'll be as I say whether you like it or not.'

'An' now, John, you'll promise me wan thing. It's soon enough you'll step over the dure, like enough the last of the Nolans, for if you lose the ould place it's not long she'll keep it; an' you'll promise me wan thing, you'll not come to me wake. I'll be soon enough out of the dure, but I want to keep me own to the ind.'

The priest protested, but Mary insisted, saying she meant it in no way through ill-feeling; and John stammered, 'I nivir crossed you but wance, mother,' and she accepted it as his promise.

She died a few days after, and John kept his word. On the day of the funeral he waited at the gate till the procession was forming to come out. Norah was sobbing and wailing, rending the air with appeal to her mother, but John waited, tearless and in silence. When the coffin was brought out and laid on trestles at the door while the bearers got ready, John stepped forward and ordered them to unscrew the lid. They stared and hesitated and looked to the priest for consent. He also hesitated, but remembered that of them all John alone had not seen his dead mother, and he told them to do what he asked; and when it was done the big man stooped down and kissed the white face with passionate grief and affection. Father Ryan led him away from the wondering, pitying neighbours. 'John,' he said, 'your mother was a good woman, and you are a good son; and I hope she knows now her wish will come right.'

John made no haste to enter upon possession. He saw to the necessary work on the farm, but he left his sister undisturbed. Norah, however, seemed inclined to make trouble. She forgot her grief in attacking him, suggesting that the whole arrangement was only a trick to cheat her of her rights, and defying him to move her from the house. A hint from Father Ryan checked her spite, and she left quietly, though she could not keep her tongue still, saying she was glad to be out of the place, and that it would bring little luck to those who came after her.

John settled down with an easy assurance, and not troubling himself as to the unattainable condition on which his occupancy depended; and the strenuous labour of which he was capable under his easy-going ways soon wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of the farm. He mended the fences, reswung a gate here and there that had fallen from its hinges, and generally stopped the decay which had begun to set in during the last few years.

The old cowshed was an eyesore to him. The roof was falling in, but the walls were still comparatively sound, and if it were not to be repaired it would cost almost as much labour to clear it away. He had no use for it anyway, he thought, but it troubled him every time he looked at it; and at last one day he considered he might do worse than make it presentable. There had been building going on at the 'big house,' and he knew the 'master' would willingly let him have enough slates to cover it. The men were all at work in the fields, so he mounted on the crazy roof himself to clear off all the thatch with a pitchfork. He had got it down, and had set the rafters straight, and replaced a few that were rotten and broken, and was standing on the heap of old thatch calculating what scantling he would want before starting to slate it, when he heard something jingle and clink under his feet, and looked down.

'Ellen!' he shouted, 'Ellen, come here, woman; Ellen, come quick. Millia murther, but it's the sight.'

His wife came running in alarm, and saw him on his knees in the rotten straw groping and raking among it with his fingers; and she in her turn called for the children, the girls. They gathered quickly, and every finger was busy picking and sorting out a rabble of coins, sovereigns and half-sovereigns and silver, blackened and stained; notes, crumpled and dirty, a whole hoard of wealth that had been hidden away in the thatch of the old shed. It was carried into the kitchen and poured out on the table, streaming unending from pockets and hands, the women's aprons, the children's pinafores, and when all counted came to more than 400*l*.

John sent off for the priest.

'An' what am I to do with it? Do you know anything about it, at all, at all?'

Father Ryan smiled and evaded the question.

'Well, John, I can't meddle till the year's out. The farm and everything on it is yours till then to do as you like with,' and not a word more could they get from him.

He, on his part, asked no questions, but watched what was done with the money; and he seemed well pleased at what he learned, for he rubbed his hands and told himself he knew John too well to be mistaken, and he was right, and he was glad of it.

John gave 20*l*. for masses for his mother. He had the fortunate cowhouse well roofed, and he bought stock to fill it, and put the balance of the money in bank and went on with his work

as if nothing had happened out of the common. He took no thought but to do his best for the land. If it was his, so was the money; if not, well, he lost both, but all that was for to-morrow to settle. For the present he owned and worked his own farm, the farm that had been a Nolan's time out of mind, and that was enough for him.

The end of the year came, and the day for the final settlement; and wise Father Ryan arranged that the brother and sister should meet him at his own house rather than at the farm.

John was more bemused and nervous than anxious. He could not bring himself to realise that he might lose the farm after working on it for a whole year as if it were his own. He could not conceive such a thing possible. He met his sister with friendliness if not affection, but she was more awake to the issues at stake, and made no response to his advances.

'Well,' said Father Ryan, 'it's no use talking; we know the conditions. So now, John, have you the hundred pounds?'

John stared at him uncertainly. He was not very sure of himself yet.

'Well,' he answered, 'I've got 63*l.* of me own, an' there's the money I found in the thatch. Here's 230*l.* of it, but divil a copper have I touched. What isn't here is in stock on the farm, barrin' the 20*l.* I give your riv'rence, and that'll be more than med up be the bastes whin they're sould.'

Norah jumped up. 'Thin me mother knew you well whin she said you wouldn't hould it long. I'll make a better use of it.'

'Easy, Norah,' said the priest; 'the will says 100*l.*, and here is far more.'

'But it was on the farm, an' it's not his,' cried Norah, angrily. 'He's no right to it.'

John was out of his depth and too doubtful of his position to make protest or even answer, but Father Ryan interposed:

'It's no use making a long story of it. John has the 100*l.*, and he keeps the farm and everything on it. Your mother told me of this money, and hid it in the thatch against my advice. You, Norah, would have got it had you followed her advice; and she insisted that it should be left there as a test for you, John. She said you were too easy-going to bother, and that losing the farm would be a punishment on you. She said it, but I think she believed the opposite, for she added that if you got it you were to have it and the farm together.'

'Be damned to it,' John roared, 'it's more of her good word

I'd think than the money ; ' and at last, realising certain assurance in the one hope of his life, he turned to his sister : ' Norah, girl, it's little there's to quarrel about. The farm's mine be rights anyway, an' it's no grudge you get with the money, an' for token you're welcome to half this, half of it all, what I found an' me own ; an' the ould place'll always have a corner for you as long as there's wan of the name of Nolan lives in it.'

'That for your dirty money !' screamed Norah, snapping her fingers in his face. 'It's asy talkin'. Half of it, whin there's no knowin' what the ould woman left to your brat.'

'Stop !' said the priest sternly. 'Your mother left only a few pounds for the child—six, if you want to know, one for each year of his life while she knew him.

'Come,' he added, 'be friends. John has got the farm, and you a good fortune, and there's no call for complaining.'

Norah would not relent, and John turned from her and thanked the priest, and said he would be going to tell the news to his wife, who had been too fearful of the result to come with him. He picked up the orderly little bundles of notes, and left back half on the table without remark. When he had gone Norah pounced on the money greedily.

'If he has too much, thin I'll not bother him with keeping me share.'

When she too had gone, Father Ryan thought to himself, 'Well, old Mary Nolan managed not so bad after all.'

J. WILLIAM BRESLIN.

Letters of Lady Louisa Stuart to Miss Louisa Clinton.¹

ALL whose memories go back for half a century, and all who, though young, value wit, good sense, and high breeding, keep a place in their minds, and on their bookshelves, for Lady Louisa Stuart.

The youngest, and the cleverest, of the daughters of John, third Earl of Bute, Lady Louisa inherited less the characteristics of the Minister than the caustic wit of her maternal grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. As such she was well able to form a link between the literatures of two centuries: she could hand down memories of Pope to Sir Walter Scott, and recollections of Walter Scott to relations who would live to see the close of our Victorian era. She herself died in 1851.

Lady Louisa was not unaware of the uncommon quality of her mind, and she wrote a great deal, but a shy pride, and an odd fear of losing caste in the world she belonged to, silenced her. For this reason she burnt too many of her manuscripts, for this reason she urged Miss Clinton not to let her letters pass from hand to hand, and for this reason the public was long in making acquaintance with her lively style. It did so first anonymously in the *Introductory Anecdotes* to the Wharnccliffe edition of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, and again in the Introduction to the *Letters of Lady Mary Coke*. We have lately got to know more and more of Lady Louisa as a personality as well as a writer. Mrs. Godfrey Clark brought out, in 1898, *Gleanings from an Old Portfolio*, being the correspondence of Lady Louisa Stuart with her own ancestress, the Countess of Portarlington. Those three charming volumes were printed for private circulation only, but were followed in 1899 by *A Selection from the Manuscripts of Lady Louisa Stuart*, edited by the Honourable J. A. Home.

¹ Edited by the Hon. J. A. Home. D. Douglas, Edinburgh, 1901.

In this little book was published without reserve that incomparable notice of the family of John, Duke of Argyll, which lets us into the daily life of the Court of Queen Caroline, into the freaks of *Ian Roy's* Duchess, and of 'the bawling Campbells,' her daughters. We have to-day a third contribution from the manuscripts of the brilliant woman, who knew so well how to shoot folly as it flies. This group of letters to Miss Clinton will probably be the last that we shall have access to, and as such a pathetic interest attaches to them. They stretch over a long period—from 1817 to 1835—and are less amusing than many of those that went before them. For one thing, the writer's age lent them less fire; for another, Miss Clinton appears to us as not precisely such an inspiring correspondent as would strike sparks from a friend. Yet the book is well worth reading, if only because the lady's own reading was so varied and so vastly entertaining.

The first thing that shines out is the deft way in which Lady Louisa, who was fully in Sir Walter Scott's confidence, kept the secret of the Waverley novels. She hid it from Miss Clinton through reams of correspondence, and she must have hidden it from her, and his, friend, Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, who only discovered it for herself on reading *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and remembering how Sir Walter had once told her the tale of the ghastly bridal of that daughter of the (Minister) Earl of Stair, and had told it to her in the very same thrilling words. In fact, Lady Louisa concealed her knowledge until, as Sir Walter himself said, 'the circumstances attending Constable's bankruptcy placed the secret, such as it was, in the hands of too many persons to suppose that a denial could any longer be taken at his hands.'

Another subject that looms large in these letters is Queen Caroline: her trial in 1820, her appearance at the coronation in 1821, and her death not long after. Lady Louisa's disgust and dislike were not founded upon any political bias on a matter out of which far too much capital was made for party purposes. In her eyes the Queen was an "*injured iniquity*," who was not content with her own delinquencies, but ever appeared to find a delight in drawing Princess Charlotte into a false position. This keen critic was not, however, blind to faults on the other side. 'I am afraid the *Sapphire* story is much too true; as for the harm in the connection, there is a great deal of harm in it, according to the mind of an old Scotch woman, who, when people talked to her of drinking as a mischievous vice, and of gambling as a worse

one, and so on, exclaimed: "And *none* of you have named the most mischievous one of all: it is Folly!" Don't be scandalised when I say I wish it were on the regular Montespán footing, for then it would be outwardly decorous and dignified, and that is all *we* have to do with.' From all such topics Lady Louisa gleaned matter for comment, though when drawn on to speak of the foibles and intrigues of the Court she would quote the pert saying of the banished Duchess of Kingston, and thank God that 'she had never gone *there* to look for amusement.' Yet it most undeniably did amuse Lady Louisa, and one notices that society, literature, and *les on-dit* animated her far more than national or political subjects. Clever as the Minister's daughter was, her attention is often too much occupied by some detail, and she has neither the weighty opinions of Lady Stanley of Alderley nor the breadth of insight into public life of the late Lady William Russell. For example, one would not readily guess from these letters that the nation had but just escaped from the nightmare of Napoleon's campaigns: that the Duke of Wellington was England's hero: that bread was very dear: and that the Reform Bill had come first on, and then above, the horizon; though she does say in one place how she noticed that any one who ventured to disagree with the politics of Henry Dundas (first Viscount Melville) was 'certain to be abused as an Atheist and a Democrat.'

Lady Louisa was an enemy to romance and false sentiment. Of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* she averred that it had done a great deal of harm. 'I had seen so much misnamed Love in the earliest young female friend with whom I was allowed to associate, half-sister to that dear one who was the future blessing of my life, but utterly unlike her both in head and heart—she was romantic from folly, and desirous of lovers from vanity. All this excited my contempt for the *Love* so continually running in her poor head, and rung in my ears.' Speaking of the motto to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 'Be not solitary, be not idle,' she notices Dr. Johnson's commentary on it: 'If you are solitary be not idle, and if you are idle be not solitary,' and adds, 'Alas! all my life I have been too much of both.' For this reason her existence was not a happy one, and the shadow of an unfortunate attachment lay over it to its close. Her marriage to the man of her choice had been forbidden in her youth, because an alliance between first cousins was disapproved of, but in extreme old age Lady Louisa received almost daily in her house the octogenarian Colonel who had inspired her first and her

only love. This feature in her character must be borne in mind when we estimate its riches and its blanks. Neither her classical studies, nor her learning, nor Wesley's new theology, nor the affection of her sisters, nor the exquisite absurdity of her neighbours, nor the fidelity of her correspondents, ever filled the solitude of her heart. Would fame have done so?—the fame of which Felicia Hemans could say from experience that for a woman it is 'a royal mourning, in purple, for happiness.' We doubt it. Lady Louisa was learned, but it was before science held its gates ajar to women, and into her wildest imagination a Girton girl could not have entered, any more than a lady doctor, fully equipped for charitable work in the zenana. Pride of birth had to take the place of happiness for her. Too kind-hearted to ostracise what was less well born and bred than herself, she maintained her 'old-fashioned partiality for a gentlewoman,' and must have been resigned to find herself in the backwaters of life when a new *movement* came into vogue. Perhaps the fact that she never would consent to enter the arena with 'literary ladies' gave a tinge to her opinion of them which was not absolutely favourable. Miss Berry she disliked, Miss C. Fanshawe she tolerated rather than liked, and of Miss Edgeworth she wrote: 'She is very lively, very entertaining, and very unaffected: perhaps I should say there was something about her more like an actress than a lady at large, like a person who has been used to lay herself out to entertain the company.' Being interpreted, this really means that Lady Louisa, though vivacious, did not quite understand the lively temperament of the good little Irish gentlewoman.

It only remains here to mention the Miss Louisa Clinton who received all these amusing letters. She was the daughter of a brave Peninsular soldier, General Sir William Clinton, G.C.B. Her mother was Lady Louisa Holroyd, and her aunt was that Maria Josepha Holroyd, Lady Stanley of Alderley, whose life, letters, and literary circle are all matters of history. She was forty years younger than her venerable and delightful correspondent, but she survived her by only three years.

C. L. H. DEMPSTER.

Spion Kop.

(JANUARY 24, 1900.)

YOUNG Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold,
 And the dear boy's face upon you :
 It's hard to tell, though we know it well,
 That the grass is growing upon you.
 Flowers and grass, and the graveyard mould,
 Over the eyes of you, Never-Grow-Old,
 Over the heart of you, over each part of you,
 All your dear body, our Never-Grow-Old.

Never-Grow-Old, the theft of Time,
 His daily stealthy robbing,
 Is not for you—slain in your prime :
 This one thought stays my sobbing.
 Never for you the flagging strength,
 The warm young heart grown cold,
 You earn your child pet-name at length,
 We called you 'Never-Grow-Old ;'
 Kissed curls, and called you 'Young Never-
 Grow-Old.'

Never-Grow-Old, your curly head
 Will never streak with grey ;
 Young Always-Young, your springing tread
 Will never pass away,
 The morning glory of your eyes
 Will light you now and ever ;
 You keep your boyhood in the skies,
 The other side the River :
 River that flows by the City of Gold,
 River of Healing, dear Never-Grow-Old.

Never-Grow-Old, your rosy dawn
 Outlives our weary even ;
Young Always-Young so lately drawn
 Up to the highest heaven ;
The youngest 'mid the angel bands
 That shout among the stars,
And wing to work their Lord's commands
 Beyond our prison bars.
God's soldier still, through the streets of gold,
 In your shining harness, Never-Grow-Old.

Young Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold,
 And the dear boy's face upon you,
It's hard to tell, though we know it well,
 That the grass is growing upon you ;
But the trials of earth are a tale that's told,
 And your pain is over, Never-Grow-Old.
Peace and long rest for you—maybe it's best for you :
 Only remember us, Never-Grow-Old,
One whose love aches for you, one whose heart breaks
 for you,
 Missing you daily, dear Never-Grow-Old.

ALICE FLEMING.

Some Additions to our Native Flora.

IN a recent paper we considered the question of the disappearance of many of our rarer and more interesting wild flowers. We saw that many circumstances had contributed to this unfortunate result. The growth of towns; improved methods of agriculture, especially in the way of drainage; the enclosing of commons; the stubbing-up of hedgerows; the cultivation of downlands; the rapacity of dealers; the transplanting of showy species, like fritillary and *Daphne mezereum*, into gardens and nurseries—all have had their share in reducing the number of plants in our native flora. While only a few species have, it is true, become wholly extinct in these islands, many have been greatly reduced in numbers, and now only flourish in one or two localities, which in former years were more generally distributed. And this, unfortunately, is the case, not so much with our common plants, although some, as the primrose and the hedgerow ferns, are most grievously persecuted, as with many of our choicer species, which seem to be becoming scarcer every year.

Now while this is beyond question true, yet on the other hand it must be borne in mind, especially in these days of democratic progress, that a large number of foreign plants have established their claim to be admitted within the charmed circle of British plants. The last edition of *The London Catalogue* reckons no less than 1,958 species as now growing wild in Great Britain, but this large estimate includes a great number of brambles, wild roses, willows, and hawkweeds, which can only be distinguished by scientific botanists. Moreover, it comprehends those alien species which have become completely naturalised in these islands, and have settled down permanently side by side with the older flora. It is often difficult—sometimes it is impossible—to absolutely decide whether a given plant be really indigenous or otherwise, so thoroughly have some of these introductions become at home in their new surroundings. Just as it is true of England as a

nation that Saxon and Norman and Dane are we, so is it equally true of our flora that it comprises plants of many different types and from many foreign lands.

Some of these introductions date back to a very early period in our history. Several are to be assigned to the time of the Roman occupation, as for instance the Roman nettle, still to be found about towns and villages in the east of England, and probably the saffron crocus, formerly cultivated at Saffron Walden, and occasionally to be met with in a semi-wild state. To a still earlier period, the woad, or *Isatis tinctoria*, probably belongs—the plant of which Pliny tells us, in the quaint translation of Philemon Holland, that ‘with the juyce whereof the women of Britain, as wel the married wives as yong maidens their daughters, anoint and dy their bodies all over, resembling by that tincture the color of Moores and Ethiopians; in which manner they use at some solemn feasts and sacrifices to go all naked.’ This famous plant, doubtless the relic of ancient cultivation, is still to be found in several parts of England, as in the chalk quarries near Guildford, where now, as in 1841 when John Stuart Mill noticed it, it grows in ‘prodigious luxuriance.’ Other plants doubtless owe their existence to the old monastic herb-gardens, among which may be mentioned the birthwort, the masterwort, the wild hyssop still growing on the walls of Beaulieu Abbey, and perhaps the wild mercury, formerly used as a pot-herb. The milk or Virgin Mary thistle, the leaves of which are beautifully veined with white, is supposed to have been brought from the East by the Crusaders. The soapwort, though known to old Gerarde, who says ‘it groweth wilde of itselfe neere to rivers and running brooks in sunny places,’ yet seems to have been an escape from cultivation in gardens where, says our herbalist, ‘it is planted for the flouer sake, to the decking up of houses, for the which purpose it chiefly serveth.’ The larkspur again has no claim to be considered a native plant, although in Ray’s time ‘it was to be found in great plenty amongst the corn in Swafham Field in Cambridgeshire.’

Many of our mural plants, though now completely naturalised on old walls and ruins throughout the country, cannot be regarded—as indeed their artificial position would lead us to suspect—as indigenous members of our British flora. The wallflower, though known to Gerarde and Ray, and perhaps dating back to the period of Roman occupation, is admitted by all botanists to be an alien species. So with the splendid red valerian, so conspicuous on the grey walls of Winchester Cathedral, of Porchester Castle and

other historic buildings; and the rare *Dianthus plumarius*, the origin of the garden pinks. The beautiful little ivy-leaved toad-flax, now happily so abundant on walls throughout the country, was only known to Gerarde as a garden plant, and is supposed to have been introduced from Italy. Among other waifs and strays from cultivation must doubtless be reckoned the yellow corydalis, the purple snapdragon, the houseleek, often to be seen on the roofs of cottages, and several kinds of *sedum* or stonecrop. One very rare member of a most plain and uninteresting family, *Senecio squalidus*, now to be found growing on venerable walls at Oxford, is said to have originally escaped from the Botanical Garden.

Weeds have been well called 'the tramps of the vegetable world;' and it is most curious how some plants seem to accompany man in his movements across the globe. The common ribwort plantain is known among the North American Indians as the 'white man's foot,' because they say it always springs up in places where the colonists have encamped. Sir Joseph Hooker tells us that 'on one occasion, landing on a small uninhabited island, nearly at the Antipodes, the first evidence he met with of its having been previously visited by man was the English chickweed; and this he traced to a mound that marked the grave of a British sailor, and that was covered with the plant, doubtless the offspring of seed that had adhered to the spade or mattock with which the grave had been dug.' It is well known that numbers of our English wild flowers are to be found in luxuriant abundance in parts of America. The viper's bugloss has become a troublesome weed in Virginia; the fields along the course of the Hudson river are in some places overrun with the bladder campion, in others the soapwort known as 'Bouncing Bet' grows in extraordinary profusion; while along the streams the beautiful purple loosestrife is abundant.

On the other hand, within comparatively recent times several interesting species have found their way here from America, and have comfortably established themselves. Among these may be mentioned the American wood-sorrel with yellow flowers, and the little white Claytonia, now common in Wolmer Forest, and as thoroughly at home as the English mouse-ear chickweed. In 1822, the great philosopher, John Stuart Mill, who delighted in roaming over the country in search of wild flowers, discovered the American balsam, *Impatiens fulva*, growing abundantly on the banks of the Wey near Guildford. 'At whatever period introduced,' he says, writing in 1841, 'this plant is now so thoroughly

naturalised, that it would be pedantry any longer to refuse it a place in the English Flora. For many miles by the side of the Wey, both above and below Guildford, it is as abundant as the commonest riverside plants. It is equally abundant on the banks of the Tillingbourne, that beautiful tributary of the Wey; especially at Chilworth, where it grows in boundless profusion.' Since Mill's time the plant has considerably increased, and is now frequently met with along the banks of the Surrey streams. Another North American plant, with ornamental yellow blossoms, now occasionally to be met with, is the *Mimulus*, or monkey-flower. This handsome species is not uncommon in Hampshire, and the writer has met with it near the source of the river Wey at Alton, where it makes a splendid show, and along the course of the Itchen, at Titchborne, Itchen Abbas, Avingdon, Winchester, and elsewhere. Beside the tiny stream that flows down the picturesque valley of the Lyth at Selborne, a spot specially sacred to the memory of Gilbert White, this plant has now completely established itself in the most luxuriant abundance. In the same district the Canadian fleabane or Michaelmas daisy may now and again be met with on the grassy wastes that border the country lanes; while in the neighbourhood of London it is reported as a fairly common plant.

The career of the Canadian pondweed, *Anacharis Aleinastrum*, Bab., is interesting because of the extraordinary rapidity with which it spread itself throughout the country. It seems to have been first noticed in Great Britain in County Down about the year 1836; in 1842 it was reported from Berwick-on-Tweed; in 1847 it was discovered by a Miss Kirby in the Foxton Locks, near Market Harborough, in Leicestershire; in the same year it was found by Mr. Borrer in the pond at Legh Park, near Havant, in Hampshire; two years later it was reported as growing abundantly in the river Trent at Burton-on-Trent, and afterwards at Cambridge; and since then it has rapidly spread through ponds, and canals, and sluggish streams over the whole of Great Britain. Its progress is the more remarkable from the fact that it seldom or never seeds in this country (the male flower having been found in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh only), and seems to propagate itself almost entirely by means of its floating branches. Another American plant which has found its way to England, and has become extraordinarily abundant in one locality, is the many-spiked cordgrass, or *Spartina alterniflora*. This stout and useful grass, which loves the mud-flats and salt creeks of tidal rivers, is

common enough throughout America; but in Europe it is apparently confined to two localities, both in the neighbourhood of seaports having constant communication with the New World—namely, the salt marshes that border the river Adour at Bayonne in France, and on the mud-flats of the Itchen, and similar spots, near Southampton. In the latter locality it is now the most conspicuous plant that flourishes on the long stretches of mud which at low tide line the banks of the Itchen; and the most casual observer can hardly fail to notice it as travelling on the L.S.W. Railway he looks out of the carriage window after passing St. Denys station. The plant seems to have come under the notice of Dr. Bromfield about the year 1836, and he speaks of it as then abundant, but as having become established within the memory of persons then living. 'It is regularly cut down,' he tells us, 'by the poorer classes at Southampton, and employed by them in lieu of straw or reeds for thatching outhouses, cattle-sheds, &c., and more extensively for litter, and subsequently for manure. Horses and pigs,' he adds, 'eat it greedily; and for all those purposes it is much sought after, so that hardly an accessible patch is suffered to remain uncut by the end of September.' Since the learned author of the *Flora Vectensis* penned these words, the plant has considerably increased, and is now to be seen not only on the Itchen, and on both sides of Southampton Water, but also on the banks of the Hamble, and as far as Hill Head at the mouth of the Titchfield river, which empties itself into the Solent over against the towers of Osborne House.

It is curious how occasionally plants will establish themselves in a locality where formerly they were entirely unknown. Several striking instances occur in the historic parish of Selborne. We have already referred to the American *Mimulus*, which now almost chokes the little stream that flows down the valley of the Lyth. In the swampy meadow hard by another plant may be seen, which did not figure in the flora of Selborne in the days of Gilbert White. We mean the bistort or snakeweed, conspicuous with its pink flowers in the month of June, and now growing abundantly. In the year 1848 a single specimen of this uncommon plant was noticed by Dr. Bromfield, and duly chronicled in the pages of *The Phytologist*; and from this solitary individual the present colony has doubtless sprung. Further down the valley, on a warm slope facing south, there may be seen in the early days of spring large numbers of the common snowdrop. Had the plants existed in White's time he would undoubtedly have mentioned them in

his famous botanical letter to Daines Barrington, in which he enumerates 'the more rare plants of the parish, and the spots where they may be found;' but there they are to-day in luxuriant profusion, a beautiful addition to the local flora.

A practice that is not to be commended, but which has occasionally been followed even by distinguished naturalists, is sometimes answerable for the existence of strange plants in unwonted places. We refer to the habit of scattering the seeds of rare or interesting wild flowers in localities where the species had not before been known to exist. No less an authority than Gilbert White was once guilty of this unscientific sin. 'I wish,' he wrote to his 'dear niece Anne,' 'that we could say that we had ye *Parnassia*; I have sowed seeds in our bogs several times, but to no purpose.' This beautiful plant, common in the north of England, and also to be found in the neighbouring counties of Wilts, Dorset, Surrey, and Berks, is not a native of Hampshire; but it is an interesting fact that the late Lord Selborne, who was a good botanist, once told the writer that about the year 1870 he had found a specimen of *Parnassia* in the bogs of Oakhanger, which in White's time formed part of the parish of Selborne. It is not impossible that Gilbert White was more successful than he imagined, and that Lord Selborne's plant was a descendant of the seed scattered by the great naturalist a hundred years before. Another instance of a similar attempt to assist Nature occurred in 1848, when the distinguished author of the *Flora Vectensis* planted some roots of the handsome sea spurge in the loose sand of St. Helen's spit in the Isle of Wight. Till then this beautiful plant, though abundant on the other side of the Solent, had been unknown in the island, but Dr. Bromfield's plants flourished and established themselves; and now *Euphorbia paralias* is one of the most conspicuous species to be seen growing on the sandy shore of Bembridge Harbour. Once again, when last autumn the writer visited the historic ruins of Colchester Castle, he was surprised to find on the crumbling walls of the ancient Norman keep a number of specimens of *Silene Otites*, or the Spanish catch-fly. The plant, though found in Suffolk, was not known to exist in Essex; but there, all along the broken masonry at the top of the tower, it was growing abundantly. It turned out, however, upon inquiry, that some few years ago certain local entomologists introduced the plant in order to furnish food for their caterpillars. It has now settled comfortably in its new surroundings, and it is not impossible that in years to come, when all memory of its

introduction is forgotten, the species will be included in the sacred list of plants indigenous to the county. Another interesting plant, not figuring in the Essex flora, but whose presence was not to be attributed to the agency of man, was accidentally lighted upon by the writer some ten or twelve miles from the castle walls. Riding along on his bicycle near the edge of the low-lying cliff that overlooks the picturesque estuary of the Colne and the wooded shore of Mersea Isle, he got off his machine to admire more at ease the calm beauty of the scene in the warm glow of the autumn sunset, when there at his very feet, with the tire of the back wheel actually resting upon it, was a beautiful patch of *Vicia lutea*, the single-flowered yellow vetch. He had never seen the living plant before, and the vision brought with it a surprise and pleasure never to be forgotten.

JOHN VAUGHAN.

The Eighteenth-Century Felon.

A SOCIAL STUDY.

IF the annals of crime should ever come to be compiled by an historian with a catholic mind and an eye to the picturesque, the eighteenth century would probably be described as the golden age of felony, and the London of the same period as the happy hunting-ground of the habitual criminal. With no telegraphs, no railways, no gas-lamps, no police (in the modern understanding of the word), no scientific means of identification, no laws of extradition, and no efficient communication between the authorities of ward, borough, or district, it seems a miracle that a felon should ever have been apprehended, except through his own recklessness or the treachery of one of his associates. His position might be compared to that of a cunning old fox who, inhabiting a country riddled with earths, rather enjoys the excitement of the chase, well knowing that, as soon as it becomes too hot for pleasure, he can dive down a friendly drain and lie perdu till the danger is over.

In the case of the wily criminal, conviction by no means necessarily followed capture. The anomalous condition and cumbrous machinery of the penal laws gave a clever Old Bailey lawyer every opportunity to quibble his client out of a scrape; false witnesses could be bought cheap at Westminster Hall, where they daily walked up and down with straws in their shoes to denote their profession; while, if the offence were not too serious, benefit of clergy, that primitive form of the First Offenders Act, might be allowed, and a burnt hand substituted for a dislocated neck. Again, the ferocity of the punishments for small crimes, an anachronism in an age of growing humanity, deterred injured persons from prosecuting, and juries from convicting criminals. It is true that, throughout the century, felons were hanged by scores and transported by hundreds; but

still the convictions represented so small a percentage of the crimes committed, that the immunity of the habitual criminal became a reproach to the legislature and a byword in the land.

Upon the working of the penal code during the earlier half of the century, upon the conditions of prisons, the procedure of police courts, and the security, or rather the insecurity, of person and property, a strong light has been thrown by one who combined the trained observation of the novelist with the technical experience of the Bow Street magistrate—in a word, by Henry Fielding. Fortunately for himself and us, Fielding lived in an age which had not made the great discovery that 'purpose' is incompatible with art. Consequently, when he wished to expose an anomalous law, or tilt at a legal authority, he did not scruple to stop the action of his story in order to express his views through the mouth of one of his characters. In the opening pages of *Amelia*, it will be remembered, the author mounts one of his favourite hobbies, the inefficiency of the police (so called), and indulges in a diatribe against the watchmen who, 'being to guard the streets by night from thieves and robbers, an office which at best requires strength of body, are chosen out of these poor decrepit old people who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work. These men, armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of His Majesty's subjects from the attacks of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains.'

Magistrates have been regarded as fair game for playwright and novelist from the time of Shakespeare downwards; but Fielding's Mr. Thresher is as unfavourable a specimen as can be found in fiction, being depicted as venal, callous, ignorant, and prejudiced. From the scene at his police court some idea may be gained of the magisterial manners and customs of the period. The well-to-do delinquents are let off after a whisper in the ear of the magistrate's clerk; an Irishman is committed, though there is no evidence against him, on account of his brogue; and a little servant-maid, arrested as a person of doubtful character while running through the streets at night to fetch a midwife to her mistress, is sent to Bridewell for a month. Curiously enough, Henry Fielding's half-brother, Sir John, who succeeded him at Bow Street, was accused of being one of the 'trading magistrates' so thoroughly exposed by the novelist. Sir John is said to have enriched himself by first encouraging and then detecting criminals,

as well as by procuring police advertisements for some of the newspapers. He rendered himself obnoxious to the public by writing an open letter to Garrick, demanding the suppression of the *Beggars' Opera*, which, he declared, sent a thief to Tyburn every time it was performed; and he was generally condemned for what was termed his 'wicked action' in admitting reporters into his court, and even supplying them with pens and ink.

Still taking Fielding as our guide, we pass with the unfortunate Captain Booth through the gates of Newgate. At this time, and indeed for long years afterwards, there was little attempt at classification of prisoners. Men and women, adults and children, debtors and felons, were herded together, and left to their own devices, whether for good or evil. Compared with our modern penal establishments the Newgate of those days could have possessed small terrors for the hardened criminal, so long as he had means wherewith to supplement the prison allowance, and keep the omnipotent gaoler in good humour. The inmates of the great city prison spent their time, we are told, in smoking, singing, gambling, and fighting, those under the very shadow of the gallows to all outward seeming as light-hearted as the rest. Private rooms with fires and beds could be hired by the more prosperous, the public tap-room was kept well supplied by the turnkey, and the floors of cells were hollowed out as receptacles for stores of tobacco and other smuggled luxuries.

It must be remembered that the prison population of those days consisted almost entirely of debtors, persons committed for trial, and felons awaiting punishment, the great mass of convicted criminals being either hanged or transported to our American colonies. The minor offenders, who had been sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, were confined in the bridewells, or houses of correction, where, as it was nobody's business to provide them with employment, the period of punishment was too often passed in complete idleness, and the houses of correction were only too accurately nicknamed 'houses of corruption.' It is not, of course, contended that the prisons were agreeable places of residence except to the roughest members of the community who were usually supported by their associates without the walls. To persons of any degree of refinement, and more especially to the penniless, both gaols and bridewells must have seemed veritable hells upon earth. Prisoners who were unable to pay their 'garnish,' or footing, were compelled to part with some of their clothing for this purpose, and were then left in a pitiable state,

since the prison allowance (in London) included neither fuel nor straw for bedding. The food allowance consisted nominally of a penny loaf a day, but in many county prisons the unfortunate inmates had to depend entirely on the bounty of their friends, while in others the prisoners were farmed out to the gaoler, who, to increase his profits, kept his guests for months at a time upon a diet of boiled bread and water.

The worst of the prison abuses arose from the almost absolute power that was vested in the gaoler or turnkey. He was permitted to charge his captives heavy fees, and, even after they had been acquitted of the accusations brought against them, to detain them in prison till they had paid these involuntary debts. Perhaps the hardest case introduced to Mr. Booth's notice during his residence in Newgate was that of a war-worn veteran with a wooden leg and many honourable scars, who had been arrested on a charge of stealing three red-herrings. Of this crime he had been acquitted several months before, but, being unable to pay his gaoler's fees, had been brought back to prison, where it seemed likely that he would spend the remainder of his days. Another evil arose from the insecure state of many of the prisons, the provincial ones being often little better than broken-down sheds. As the gaoler's only recognised duty towards his charges was to keep them in safe custody, he naturally saved himself trouble and expense by loading them with irons. That practice, however, grew to such a pitch that in 1728 a committee was appointed by Parliament to inquire into the matter, when many shocking practices were brought to light. Hogarth has a fine plate representing the committee at their labours, with Bainbridge, the infamous Warden of the Fleet, under examination, and one of his victims giving evidence against him. To this inquiry Thomson refers in the lines :—

And here can I forget the generous band
Who, touched with human woe, redressive, searched
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?

Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light—
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.¹

Turning from the treatment of criminals to the laws by which they were supposed to be convicted, we find several curious

¹ *The Seasons : Winter.*

anomalies still prevailing, which must have helped to save many a guilty neck, though they can scarcely have added to the security of the innocent. Fielding introduces two scenes into *Amelia* with the obvious purpose of exposing certain legal abuses, since they have nothing whatever to do with the story. In the first place, a little servant girl in Booth's employ elopes with some linen valued at about thirty shillings, which she disposes of to a pawnbroker. Her master, on discovering the crime, hales her before a magistrate with the intention of prosecuting both thief and receiver. To his mingled astonishment and disgust he learns that this is impossible, because the linen had been entrusted to the girl's care, and, to quote the justice, 'a breach of trust is no crime in our law, except in a servant, and then the Act requires that the goods taken be of the value of forty shillings.' The pawnbroker could not be convicted even had the theft been proved, because he had taken care to leave a little boy in his shop to 'receive' the goods, remaining himself in the background. 'One would think,' comments the magistrate after explaining the state of the case, 'that our laws were made for the protection of rogues rather than for the punishment of them.'

Again, when the attorney Murphy, who (after the fashion of attorneys in fiction) has ruined a whole family by forgery and the misappropriation of title-deeds—when this miscreant is captured by the good clergyman, Dr. Harrison, the latter applies for a warrant to search Murphy's house. The magistrate replies that he has no power to issue a search warrant save where there is a suspicion that stolen goods are concealed, and title-deeds savouring of realty, it would not be felony to steal them. However, he adds, by way of consolation, that if the deeds had been taken away in a box, it would be felony to steal the box! Whereupon Dr. Harrison exclaims with not unnatural indignation: 'This is impudent as well as childish trifling with the lives and properties of men.'

In reading the memoirs, journals, and correspondence of the century, we cannot but be struck by the infrequency of allusion to the crimes that were daily enacted throughout the land; the few that touched the imagination of the educated public being those in which persons of a superior class were implicated. A careful study of contemporary records, however, points to the conclusion that the crimes most prevalent during the period under consideration were forgery, highway robbery, and shop-lifting. For the frequency of these three forms of felony, the causes may be found in the social conditions of the century.

With regard to forgery, for example, which was made a capital offence in 1729, the spread of education, the increase in the paper currency, the clumsy system of payment by bonds, bills of exchange, and promissory notes, together with the new ideas of luxury that accompany a growing commercial prosperity, but at the same time outrun individual means of gratifying them—these are probably some of the chief causes for the prevalence of this crime.

Extravagance and ostentation at this period found almost their sole outlet in sensual indulgence. A dinner party with the accompanying drinking often lasted seven hours, while a friendly repast consisting of two or three removes of sixteen dishes each would now furnish forth a mayoral banquet. Three-bottle men were expensive guests, to say nothing of boon companions of the Peter Pindar type, who did not begin to be amusing until after the twelfth glass of steaming punch. Men of the middle classes laid down their wine by the pipe instead of by the dozen, and the cellar cost annually more than house-rent, and considerably more than a son's education. They cared little for fine houses, for expensive furniture, or for the collecting of pictures and curios, but they did care that tables should groan and corks fly when they took part in the all-important event of the day. This form of extravagance, perhaps the least respectable of its kind, together with high prices and heavy taxes during time of war, and the exceedingly complicated system by which men paid their debts or collected the money due to them, kept the families of the professional classes in constant hot water. A visit to a sponging-house was too frequent to be regarded as any disgrace, while the Fleet was like a second home to many a worthy householder. The constant 'settlements' and arrangements with creditors made by members of the literary and artistic professions, few of whom seem to have owned a banking account or any income from invested capital, are enough to make a modern financier's head whirl, and the wonder is that anybody ever came by his own.

A man involved in these monetary embarrassments must often have been tempted to forge a bill payable three or six months after date, since he could always quiet his conscience with the assurance that he was only borrowing from the friend or patron whose name he counterfeited, and would certainly repay the debt long before it fell due. In the three historic forgery cases of Dr. Dodd, the Perreau brothers, and William Ryland, the engraver, we find that extravagant living was the cause of the crime, and that each criminal had sought a—professedly—temporary expedient to relieve himself

from terrible pressure. The most remarkable of these cases, and perhaps the least familiar, is that of Ryland, who in 1783 forged a bill for 7,114*l.* on the East India House, which is said to have been the most extraordinary piece of deceptive art ever produced. There were thirty or more signatures in hands of various styles, with inks of different degrees of blackness, the whole so wonderfully imitated that at the trial not one person whose name was inserted could venture to swear that the forged signature was not his own.

Ryland was convicted, chiefly through the evidence of the paper manufacturer, and sentenced to death, but a respite was granted in order that he might finish, for the benefit of his family, a fine engraving which he had just begun—the last of a series from the pictures of Angelica Kaufmann. Meanwhile his friends hoped that a pardon might be obtained for so fine a craftsman—more especially as it was known that Ryland had been a favourite with the King. But that rigid moralist, George III., when petitioned to pardon the engraver on the ground of his admirable abilities, replied that a man with such ample means of providing for his wants could not reasonably plead necessity as an excuse for his crime. The extraordinary sympathy shown by the public towards Dodd, Ryland, and other felons of the better class, was probably partly due to the old custom, already alluded to, of allowing ‘benefit of clergy’ to first offenders—a privilege that in early days was extended only to peers and priests, but afterwards to all who could read. In the reign of Anne, however, any felon, whatever his education, might be punished as a ‘clerk-convict’—in other words, his first offence might be expiated by burning in the hand, whipping, or imprisonment, instead of by the forfeiture of his life. One of the few privileges still remaining to the criminal of gentle birth was that of riding to Tyburn in a mourning coach instead of in the open cart that carried the common malefactor on his last journey.

Highway robbery during the early part of the century was regarded as rather a gentlemanly career, something between guerilla warfare and an excitingly dangerous sport. The romantic associations connected with the names of Robin Hood and his merry men still hung about the knights of the road, who won the secret admiration of the public by their daring, their skill with firearms, and their fine horsemanship. A certain number of gentlemen—as a rule, the outlaws of society—were attracted by the freedom and excitement of the life and stories—

more or less apocryphal—of their craft, their courage, their chivalry towards women, and their liberality to the poor, constituted the favourite reading of the lower classes. But in spite of the sympathy of the public, in spite of the many sanctuaries that were open to them, Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard seldom enjoyed a lengthy career. Sooner or later, the highwayman came to a violent end, whether by the pistol of an adversary or by the hangman's rope. In the latter case, so long as he died game, the gallows was his theatre and the mob his admiring audience. Ballads and legends were made upon his name, his relics became treasures of great price, and his career formed a picturesque contribution to the criminal literature of his period. Truly, it was a glorious end, and one that must have inspired many youthful Hooligans with a desire to emulate such fame.

In 1751 Henry Fielding published an *Inquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robberies*, in which he attributes the evil to the 'vast torrent of luxury which of late years hath poured itself into this nation.' Foremost among these sinful luxuries he places the public diversions of the working classes, the gardens, hot wells, hops, and music meetings, which were humble imitations of the *ridottos* and masquerades of the aristocracy. It is a curious instance of the change that has since taken place in public opinion that our modern municipal authorities should now be attempting to re-establish cheap open-air amusements with a view to providing the people with wholesome harmless recreation. But Fielding was so strongly averse to the waste of time and money involved by such diversions (which he terms illegal) that he actually invited the public to inform magistrates, by means of anonymous communication, where and when these social meetings were held, in order that officers might be sent to break them up.

Fielding advocates, as a means of preventing serious crimes, the severer punishment of small misdemeanours, and he protests against the frequency of pardons and the tenderness of juries. A few years later Sir John Fielding published a pamphlet containing an account of the origin and effects of a police system instituted by his brother in 1753 for the purpose of suppressing robbery and other crimes of violence. From this we learn how were the mighty fallen, for he tells us that the highwaymen of that day lived, for the most part, in London, and rode out on hired horses to exercise their calling, returning to town at night to divide their booty. A larger number of highway robberies

were committed, at this time, on the roads within twenty miles of London in one year than in the whole of the rest of the kingdom put together. The Fieldings established a corps of 'thief takers,' which, however, soon fell into evil odour, the members being mostly ex-constables, rough fellows who were hand in glove with the publicans and keepers of gaming-hells throughout the city. They drank and gamed with their intended victims, whom, if report speaks true, they trepanned into committing crimes, and then pocketed the rewards paid for the apprehension of criminals. Of this breed was Egan, the informer, who was stoned to death in the pillory in 1756. In the short intervals between our frequent wars, many disbanded soldiers and paid-off sailors joined the ranks of the highwaymen, who, in times of great scarcity, grew as bold as wolves in winter. In 1772, when the Pantheon was just opened in the Oxford Road, we learn from Mrs. Delany that, to balance the delights of the entertainments there provided, 'the High Street robbers give many panics, but pleasure will conquer all fears; and men on horseback with a pistol at your breast will at last grow so familiar as not to be regarded more than a common turnpike.'

During the middle and later years of the century London swarmed with shoplifters and pickpockets, who were thought poor hands if they made no more than ten pounds a week at their trade. The increase of commercial prosperity had not been accompanied by a corresponding improvement in the methods of protecting property; tradesmen still carried on their business in a primitive fashion, and the haphazard arrangement of goods in large shops presented magnificent opportunities of plunder to the dishonest. The female shoplifters usually visited mercers' or drapers' establishments, being able to conceal pieces of silk, linen, and other bulky articles beneath their clothes, while the men patronised jewellers and lace shops, where they 'palmed' small brooches and rings, or conveyed pieces of lace up their sleeves. Although the theft of goods from a shop above the value of five shillings was a capital offence, this form of crime seems to have been conducted with comparative security. A good deal of information on this point may be gathered from the autobiographies of Charles Speckman and James Hardy Vaux. The former, who was executed in 1753, boasts of having committed no fewer than five hundred felonies during the fifteen years of his career. Lace shops were the chief objects of his attentions, and he preferred to patronise establishments kept by the weaker sex

because, as he pleasantly observes, 'women are less on their guard than men, and delighted with any one who will hear them prate and chatter.'

Hardy Vaux, a youth of respectable parentage and some education, seems to have been a typical specimen of the swell-mobsmen of his day. In early youth he entered upon a successful career of shoplifting and pocket-picking, which was only brought to an end by his own reckless audacity. In the course of a visit to a Piccadilly jeweller's, to quote only one of his adventures, he contrived to secrete and carry off a card containing three diamond rings, a gold seal, a belt clasp, and a valuable brooch. A few days later he actually returned to the same shop, professedly to complete an order for a watch, and, though coldly received by the proprietor—which is hardly surprising—he was not detained. Shortly afterwards a reward was offered for his apprehension, but there seems to have been little likelihood that he would ever have been caught by the detectives of that day, if he had been able to resist the temptation of returning to some of his old haunts. In a flash public-house in Clare Market he was betrayed by the publican to the Bow Street officers, and, being brought up for trial, received a death sentence, which was afterwards commuted into transportation for life. It may be noted in this connection that the English practice of hanging or transporting persons who were only convicted of comparatively trivial offences was universally condemned on the Continent. The English, for their part, looked with horror and detestation upon the Continental custom of stretching criminals on the rack, breaking them on the wheel, or immuring them during long periods in dark and loathsome dungeons.

From the literature of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, it is easy to perceive that a change was gradually coming over public opinion with regard to the penal laws and the general treatment of prisoners—a change that was mainly due to Beccaria's famous work on *Crimes and Punishments*, published in 1764. Hitherto it seems to have been thought that a punishment should be proportioned, not to the heinousness of a crime, but to the facility with which it could be committed. Even Blackstone thought it reasonable that the theft of a handkerchief should be punished by death, and the theft of a load of hay by transportation. Beccaria, on the other hand, reasoned that the certainty of a punishment was far more effectual than its severity, and that juries would be more likely

to convict if the penalty were proportioned to the crime. He further put forward the new and startling theory that a term of imprisonment might be regarded as an opportunity for reforming a criminal instead of merely a deterrent to other ill-disposed persons. To his vigorous protests the civilised world owes the final abolition of torture which still lingered in England under the form of the *peine forte et dure*, and was in full force on the Continent.

The influence exercised by Beccaria's book on national opinion may be illustrated by comparing the point of view of Goldsmith with that of Fielding. 'Our punishments,' declared the latter in 1751, 'are the mildest in the known world. It is generally allowed that our laws are merciful, just, and perfectly agreeable to the genius of this nation.' In 1766, two years after the publication of *Crimes and Punishments*, Goldsmith asks, through the mouth of his vicar, 'Can I avoid questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature? When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the guilt.' Again, he expresses the desire that 'legislative power would direct the law to reformation rather than severity—that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crime is not by making punishments familiar but formidable.' The vicar, it will be remembered, when committed to the county gaol for debt, found much the same state of things there prevailing as in the Newgate of Mr. Booth's day. He was obliged to pay 'garnish,' and his contribution was at once turned into liquor, the whole prison being filled with riot, laughter, and profanity. The only employments of the prisoners were quarrelling, playing cards, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. 'From this last mode of idle industry,' says the vicar, who had certainly studied Beccaria, 'I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by appointment, so that each earned something every day—a trifle, indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.'

It is not surprising that counterblasts should have been issued against these new theories, which the conservative regarded as so much wild and foolish sentimentality. Madan, in his *Thoughts on Executive Justice* (1784), advocated the unflinching execution

of the laws as they stood, and protested against the frequency of pardons. Paley, in his *Moral and Political Philosophy* (1785), also defended (with reservations) the established laws, and attacked the weak timidity of juries, which led them to be over-scrupulous about evidence. The House of Lords and many of the highest legal authorities were opposed to legislative reform; but there was a large and increasing body, with Sir Samuel Romilly at their head, who regarded the penal code as a legal anachronism. It must be remembered that at this time there were above one hundred and sixty capital offences on the statute book. Theft from the person of an article one shilling in value, theft from a shop of an article five shillings in value, illegally cutting down trees, breaking down the banks of a fishpond, cutting hop-binds, sending threatening letters—all these and many more equally trivial were nominally punishable by death, though in practice the penalty was frequently commuted to transportation for life.

The laws relating to offences committed by women were still of ferocious cruelty. The statute ordaining that women should be burnt alive at the public stake for high or petty treason was not repealed until 1790. In 1777 a girl of fourteen was sentenced to be burnt alive for whitewashing farthings to make them look like sixpences, and a reprieve only arrived when the cart was ready to take her to the stake. In 1782 Rebecca Downing was publicly burnt for poisoning her master, and in 1784 Mary Bayley suffered the same punishment for aiding and abetting the murderers of her husband.¹ While a man might be pardoned for stealing a horse, a woman seems to have been hanged for looking over the stable wall. For example, a case is reported of the conviction for attempted theft of a young woman of nineteen, whose husband had been carried off by the pressgang, leaving her and her child without any means of support. Rendered desperate by hunger, she entered a shop and took up a piece of linen that lay on the counter; but, perceiving that her action was noticed, she laid it down again. For this terrible crime she was condemned to death, and the sentence was actually carried out! The pillory was a common form of punishment for women, even for those convicted of minor offences, such as fortune-telling. 'A woman in the pillory,' says George Meredith, 'restores the original bark of brotherhood to mankind,' and this method of delivering over a culprit to lynch law resulted in frightful suffering, sometimes in death, to the victim. Transportation,

¹ Pike's *History of Crime in England*.

The
Laws

with all the horrors of a convict ship, and the subsequent isolation in an unknown land, seems to have powerfully affected the female imagination; for when in a merciful mood George III. offered twenty-three women convicts their choice between hanging and transportation, no fewer than six preferred death to banishment.

In spite of, or rather because of, the harshness of the criminal laws, the hardened habitual criminal must have enjoyed a period of unexampled prosperity during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The police was almost as scandalously inefficient as in the days of Fielding. In 1796 there were 1,000 'peace officers' for the whole of the metropolis, but of these only fifty were stipendiary. There were, besides, about 2,000 watchmen, who were comparatively useless by reason of their age and infirmity. Moreover, these were under the direction of seventy different trusts, regulated by double as many local Acts of Parliament. The result of this disjointed system was that a criminal, who might be badly wanted in Clerkenwell, had only to fly to Southwark, and he would be almost as secure from apprehension as if he had crossed the Channel.

Even when arrested, the felon kept a stout heart because, however clear his guilt, the odds were about twelve to one in favour of his acquittal. 'The injured, through compassion, would forbear to prosecute; juries, through compassion, would sometimes forget their oaths, and either acquit the guilty or mitigate the nature of the offence; and judges, through compassion, would respite one half the convicts, and recommend them to royal mercy.' Many a rogue got off scot-free, much to his own surprise; but even when convicted he was in a better position than the convict of the earlier part of the century. Four-fifths of the criminals sentenced to death were pardoned on condition of being transported, or of entering the army or navy, then depleted by long-continued wars. Transportation had lost much of its terror since the 'dumping ground' for convicts had been changed, after the outbreak of the War of Rebellion in 1775, from North America to Australia. In former days felons had been, to all intents and purposes, exported for sale to American settlers, and it was said that the black slaves and white were set to work together on the same plantations. At Botany Bay, on the other hand, convicts were only 'assigned' to settlers for a limited period. When employed by the Government they seem to have lived in clover, for Hardy Vaux tell us that, when acting as clerk in the

commissariat department, he had a 'neat brick house,' a garden, and two servants at his disposal.

Reform had already begun in the English prisons and bridewells, thanks to the voluntary efforts of Jonas Hanway and John Howard. The chief physical abuses discovered by the two philanthropists were insufficient food, want of ventilation and drainage, and the absence of all arrangements for cleanliness, which more than accounted for the terrible epidemics of gaol-fever. The worst of the moral evils arose from the lack of any system of classification or of discipline, and the failure on the part of the authorities to provide work for the convicted prisoners. In 1784 an Act was passed ordaining that eleven divisions should be made, the felons being separated from the debtors, the convicts from the *détenus*, the men from the women, and so forth; but as late as 1818 there were only twenty-three prisons out of the 518 in the United Kingdom in which the inmates were separated according to law. In the majority of the county prisons the gaol-delivery took place only once a year, and consequently innocent or comparatively innocent persons, while awaiting trial, might be locked up for many months, to quote Howard's words, in 'a sink of corruption, where their minds were polluted and their morals inevitably tainted by their vile associates.'

Howard, with his demands for prison inspectors, chaplains, surgeons, baths, employments, and a more liberal diet, was naturally accused of desiring to pamper the felon. But, to take the question of diet alone, it would hardly now be thought that he erred in the direction of extravagance. The prison allowance (where there was any) still consisted of one penny loaf per head a day. This amount had been fixed in 1557, when the penny loaf weighed twenty-six ounces, whereas at the end of the eighteenth century a twopenny loaf weighed only from sixteen to eighteen ounces. The bill of fare drawn up by the philanthropist consisted of one pound and a half of bread a day, with a penny-worth of either cheese, butter, or vegetables, and on Sundays half a pound of coarse boiled beef, without the bone; but this last indulgence was to be contingent on good behaviour during the week.

It cannot be supposed that the habitual criminal appreciated all Howard's efforts for his welfare, least of all those which resulted in the abolition of the public tap-room, and in the establishment of regular tasks and a stricter discipline; but, at least, his health and comfort were better attended to, and he was

protected in some measure from the tyranny of the gaoler. But the dawn of the nineteenth century ushered in a new era in the history of the felon, and from this time forth everything seems to have gone against him. In 1808 Sir Samuel Romilly got a bill through Parliament abolishing capital punishment for small thefts, with the result that there was a great and sudden increase in the number of prosecutions and convictions. As time went on the machinery of the penal laws was simplified, a public prosecutor was appointed, the new police was established, new-fangled bolts and alarms were invented, gas-lamps rendered the streets comparatively safe by night, railways ruined the profession of the highway robber, the telegraph cut off a criminal in full flight, while the extradition laws abolished the sanctuary once provided by a foreign country. Of a truth, with the passing of the eighteenth century, the palmy days of felony in England were at an end for ever.

GEORGE PASTON.

At the Sign of the Ship.

THERE is an interesting criticism in *Blackwood's Magazine* on Mr. Graham Balfour's Life of Mr. R. L. Stevenson. One may agree with the critic that it would have been better for Mr. Stevenson to dine with men thirty years older than himself than to haunt the queer society which he did haunt. And some, not all, of these seniors would have appreciated him. But they did not know him, and did not invite him. He did not go to dances, he did not take the advice of Horace, and so he did not meet the young women. He did not play cricket or golf, and did not meet the right young men. If he met them, they did not like each other. As to Mr. Stevenson's severe censures on Scott's style, Scott's contemporaries knew as well as we do that Sir Walter often wrote no better (rather worse) than a casual sportsman sending a letter to the *Field*. He knew it himself. Then the critic, who finds Mr. Stevenson at his best in what does not include Allan Breck, John Silver, the Chevalier Bourke, and Barbara Grant, and James Mor—how can we transact business with him? Did he not offer his Burns essay to *Blackwood's Magazine*, which now applauds it, and justly? Or am I misremembering? I do not think that he ever contributed to the serial which had its ancestral dwelling so near his home. This prophet was without honour in his own city, like the late Mahdi. However, the article on the prophet is interesting. It is true that the prophet led young men into the worst manner of writing, that which comes of trying to write so well. But they would have written badly in some other way. The misfortunes and errors of the prophet's donkey are unimportant.

* * *

One is not often much impressed by any of the numerous little volumes of new poetry. But the *Songs of Lucilla* (Elkin Matthews) do give me a great deal of enjoyment. They are very deft and skilful in versification, the treatment of nature



is tender and sympathetic, as is the sentiment. To be sure 'Galatea,' 'year,' and 'bear' are not rhymes, and there are other examples of careless rhyming, the sex of Lucilla being that of Mrs. Browning. As a rule the brief lyrics are admirably made, with something of an old-world sound, music touched on a spinet, faint and sweet, and full of the gladness and sadness of humanity.

The general level is so equable that it is difficult to select an example. But here is

SEA AND SHORE.

When by the verge transfixed I stand
Of the salt beach,—
There where, for ever, sea and land
Gaze each at each,—

Methinks the land, that's never roved,
Beside the sea,
Must long, itself, so swayed and moved,
And swift to be !—

And that the waves cast on the strand,
That cannot change,
Must long to be like to the land,
And never range !—

For so the soul and flesh still crave,
And still deplore
Each other's fates, like shore and wave
And wave and shore.

Logically, Lucilla is wrong. The land and water are fancied to desire, while the soul and body seem to deplore, each other's fortunes. But I did not find that blemish till I copied out the poem. Let me try again.

THE FATES, TWO.

In Genoa, that burns and broods
In brazen sun and bronzed shade,
I saw how went, selling their goods,
An old crone and a blooming maid,
Calling, in their alternate cries,
The things that everybody buys.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP

And as I watched them with their wares
 Threading the city to and fro,
 Through lanes and noisy thoroughfares,
 Methought that thus the Fates still go
 Selling the same old stuffs of life
 Like a young wench and an old wife.

• •

Poets are certainly very subject to 'unconscious reminiscences;' to giving as their own that which, like the pretty 'Young Lady of Belses,' is really 'Somebody else's.' I don't know that young lady's name. 'Tis long since, in a momentary vision of her perfectness, she stirred the muse to song. Mr. Arthur Bernard Cook has written, in *The Classical Review*, on 'Associated Reminiscences' in poetry. He thinks that the poetaster usually 'takes what isn't his'n' from the poet. Lately I met 'the corridors of time' in a poem, not by Longfellow, and recognised an old friend. Mr. Cook cites, from a book of verse called *Ad Astra*,

O thou who somewhere braidest billowy gold.

Is there not something like it sung by Milton of Sabrina? At all events, *In Memoriam* has

O thou that after toil and storm,

and

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
 That sittest 'ranging golden hair.

Here is a chance for commentators on Tennyson. Whose hair was the dove 'ranging,' and in what sense is 'ranging' to be understood? Is the dove 'ranging' in search of something to eat? Or is it 'arranging' the hair, to whomsoever the hair may belong? Doves, as every commentator knows, have no hair of their own, only feathers. Alas! I have not here any commentary on *In Memoriam*, I do not know how the commentators understand the passage. However, Mr. Cook thinks that the author of *Ad Astra* was unconsciously reminiscent of Tennyson. Kirke White also was simultaneously inspired both by Gray's *Elegy* and Milton's *Il Penseroso*, while Tennyson (see the commentators) filched one brief line partly from Homer, partly from Shelley: 'The moaning (Homer) of the homeless (Shelley) sea.' But, hooray! Mr. Cook shows that Browning rifled Tennyson of his

sweets. 'Nature shrieked' both in *In Memoriam* and in *The Ring and the Book*. Both poets use the phrase 'tear each other' or 'tare each other.' But old Alfred cribbs from William Wordsworth. The Rydal bard has '*Blank* misgivings,' Tennyson has 'the blank day.' We trace both (I do at least) to 'The Spanish blanks.' W. W. has 'our *noisy* years.' A. T. has 'the *noise* of life'—cabs and drays. Both say 'like a guilty thing.' I blush for the later Laureate. Into Mr. Cook's Greek examples it is better not to go, as, nowadays, many have forgotten their Greek. But I conceive that all poets, in all ages, have been guilty of unconscious reminiscence. I do remember, in an unsuccessful prize poem, describing somebody's hands as

Made of a red rose swooning into white.

'Swooning' was out of my own head, the rest was Mr. Swinburne's, but I did not know it.

* . *

Everybody sometimes speaks unadvisedly with his tongue or pen, and myself as often as another. In a little book on Lord Tennyson, lately published, I wrote in one place as if all the younger critics of to-day held certain views, whereas I had only two critics in my mind, both very young indeed. Mr. Stephen Gwynn has taken me to task concerning this and other matters. On the whole I 'burn my faggot,' and, if I do not wholly recant, I at least modify my statements. Except on one point! Mr. Gwynn writes: 'The critics of that' (Tennyson's) 'day were not, Mr. Lang says, "puffers in league with pushing publishers," which is a creditable blank verse line' (so, too, is 'which is a creditable blank verse line'), 'but an uncivil imputation on Mr. Lang's professional brethren. A doctor does not, in print at least, describe some other doctors as quacks eager to advertise some hotel-keeper's health resort.' Doctors don't; but critics do, and justly. My Lord Macaulay was a critic. We know what he wrote about those of his 'professional brethren' who advertised Robert Montgomery's poems. What Macaulay might do, I may do—and I will. Constantly I see the most vapid or indecent trash advertised, the moment it appears, by a volley of anonymous plaudits. A 'boom' has been organised. I do not know exactly how it is done, and I do not believe that the puffers are actually purchased in money down. But the existence of the trash and of the *claque* is as manifest as in the days of Montgomery, and any

honest critic has as good a right, as constraining a duty, to say so as Macaulay had. Mr. Gwynn may observe that I did not write, as he understands me, 'the critics of that day were not "puffers in league with pushing publishers."' Many critics of that day *were* in league, and the rest of it. The day was Montgomery's day, and I knew that. What I wrote was '*Tennyson's friends* were not puffers,' and so forth. Indeed, Mr. Gwynn goes on 'Tennyson's friends wrote what they believed to be the truth about his work, as Mr. Lang did about Stevenson's; so, no doubt, do the friends of more recent poets, and from the same motives.' Precisely, and I hope they always will. The generous praise of a young poet by a young friend commands my sympathy (especially if I like the verses) and, young or old, I hope never to let personal friendship prevent me from praising what I think good, just as personal friendship has never dictated my praise. Nobody can understand a young poet better than a young friend, whose friendship, very probably, arose in admiration of the poetry. Of course the praise may be, and often is, excessive: that is in the nature of things. But the excess, at worst, is generous and disinterested. The puffers whom I have in my mind do not, I fancy, concern themselves much with poetry. However, I was speaking of poetry, 'devil doubt it.'

* * *

Without any personal motive (for indeed I never heard of the author before), I wish to commend Mr. George Douglas's novel, *The House with the Green Shutters*,¹ to—the right readers. It is not at all a book for everybody (not that it distantly approaches an infringement of Dian's law), but it is a wonderfully good book for the readers whom it suits. The life of the traders of a little country town in Scotland is described (though mostly on the sunless side) with surprising skill. One disapproves of leaving out the sun, and the shadows are too bituminous. In few places—except in the passage on a Scot's love of his hills and rivers—does the author let himself go pleasantly. It is a picture of malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness, while every puny whipster can get the author's sword as to the conclusion. Yet I do not feel that the conclusion is beyond the possibilities; in fact, such things are reported in the newspapers. Ladies, especially non-Scottish ladies, are unlikely to take even my gloomy pleasure in the tale. The art is not consecrated to

¹ Macqueen.

joy, but leaves an impression that the author could 'cut a smoother reed.' Let us hope that he will; but this reed is very piercing, and the unpronounced moral is very salutary. Mr. Douglas does not seem to me to be a disciple of our recent popular Scottish novelists; he might have written had they never existed. If he has a literary ancestor, it is Lockhart in *Adam Blair*, or there may be a touch of Mr. Stevenson in *The Master of Ballantrae*; but there is no reminiscence of the style of Mr. Stevenson or any other writer. The style is so good that one does not think about it. To recommend a novel is perilous; it rather sets readers against the book. But I have tried to 'hedge' judiciously, that nobody who hears of the tale through me may be disappointed.

* . *

Mr. Horace Hutchinson's book on *Dreams*¹ contains a new sort of speculation. What are the causes of the dreams which almost everybody knows by experience—the flying dream, the falling dream, the dream of insufficient or inappropriate clothing, and, above all, the element in these dreams which makes the public seem so indifferent? You may dream that you dine with his Majesty, and that you wear a frock-coat and pink-checked trousers, yet your royal host is apparently unconscious of your solecism. So, when you dream of flying, plenty of people are looking on, but they are not in the least interested or surprised. When I dream of flying, or rather floating in air, I say to the lookers-on, 'Now, by Jove, this is "levitation"! Make a note of it at once.' But they never pay the slightest attention. Unlike most of Mr. Hutchinson's informants, I am horribly conscientious in dreams. The slightest murder causes me agonies of remorse. These must come on in the process of waking, when reason is just dawning on a murder which 'I thought little enough of at the time.' And my heart is so tender. I dreamed that the late Bishop of London had been sentenced to death for high treason, of which, in the dream, I knew that he was innocent. We took farewell; he behaved with the greatest dignity and courage, but my laments were quite unmanly. This dream, I think, can be traced to a recent reading of Queen Mary's parting from her ladies at Fotheringay. As to the dreams of helplessness with one's gun, rod, at cricket, gambling at Monte Carlo, and so on, they are only forms of the clergyman's dream that he cannot find the place in

¹ Longmans & Co.

his prayer-book. They seem to arise from the fact that the dream is one of inadequate presentation; the dream-self has not provided a real enough gun, rod, prayer-book, or whatever it may be. The others, the flying and falling dreams, must have some undetermined cause in the circulation, the digestion, or the like.



Mr. Hutchinson seems almost sceptical about the half-awake visions, seen with shut eyes and called *illusions hyperagogiques*. He has, apparently, met with few people experienced in these. But they are quite genuine. Pontus de Tyard (about 1550) and Keats both speak of them in their poems. They are so frequent with myself, especially when rather unwell, that their relative rarity surprises me. One friend, who never dreamed in his life, sees very clearly, between asleep and awake, the figures and calculations and the pictures of machines on which he has been working. In my case the faces and places seen are usually such as I never, to my knowledge, saw with open eyes. I am awake enough to think, 'If I could only make such clear mental pictures in the day time!' or, 'That face is really too hideous,' and then I open my eyes to get rid of the horror. It is the *originality* of these pictures, their want of connection with any traceable association of ideas (as a rule, not always), that makes them so interesting. Where do they come from, out of what unknown experiences? M. Maury, a learned and interesting writer on Greek topics and on dreams, says that these half-awake pictures 'prove that the more or less logical association of ideas cannot explain all dreams.' 'Proof is always a mighty big word,' remarks Mr. Hutchinson. It is, and I dare say that a train of association does exist; but it does not exist in the *conscious* region of our minds. 'It is so easy to imagine that we have visual hallucinations,' says Mr. Hutchinson. Is it? Has he ever succeeded? When one, being wide awake, speaks to, or opens the door for, a 'visual hallucination,' was it easy for him merely to fancy that he had it? Then there is the 'split personality' of dreams. Mr. Hutchinson seems rather dubious about that. Thus Maury, in a dream, met a man, and asked him (what in the dream he himself did not know), 'Where is such and such a place?' The man told him, correctly. The knowledge was really Maury's own, but he only got it through his 'split personality,' 'the other man.' Professor Hilprecht, in America, offers the best case. He sat up late, puzzling over a picture of a bit of

an inscribed stone ring from Nippur. He then went to his bed, fell asleep, dreamed that an old Babylonian priest explained the whole affair, and later, obtaining a view of the fragments of the actual stone ring (at Constantinople), found that the dream had been correct. Mr. Hilprecht, in short, was cleverer asleep than awake, but the dream gave the explanation in a little drama through the dream-shape of the priest. The story is recorded by Mr. Hilprecht himself, Mrs. Hilprecht asserting that he wakened her and told her of the dream.

* *

I do not see why Mr. Hutchinson should have a grudge at this dual personality. He actually believes, and says it is 'abundantly testified,' that a Breton peasant girl, wholly ignorant of Latin, will, in a hypnotic condition, 'gabble monkish Latin.' I don't believe it! Either the girl had heard a lot of monkish Latin, or she did not gabble it. No evidence is cited, and I take the story to be a fable. On the other hand, the Hilprecht story was the best possible evidence. There are many cases in Du Prel's *Philosophy of Mysticism*, with the authorities. If I dream that a man speaks much better French to me than I can speak, the excellence of the French may merely be an illusion of my dream. But if I solve, in sleep, through an apparent other person, a problem which baffles me when awake, we can only infer that, for once in a way, I was cleverer when asleep than when awake. 'What for no?' It is not so very difficult! I have seen a novel transacted in a dream, and it has been amplified by a lady personally unknown to me, and published: 'Cost you a shilling.' It was at least as good a novel as I could invent when awake. Mr. Hutchinson does not, indeed, deny stories of sleeping cleverness, but I think that further inquiry will remove his scepticism. I wish he would remove mine about the Breton girl and her monkish Latin.

* *

A collaborator has dealt, not very wisely, with dreams that are fulfilled, and so forth. This class of dream, says the collaborator, 'has been *investigated and proved*.' And this is proved by a quotation from the works of the Psychical Society, a quotation which has not to do with dreams (pp. 248, 250.)

* *

The writers, in this case, were speaking of appearances of persons really distant, to waking observers. Such experiences are far from common, whereas the dreams of sleep are innumerable in the experience of all mankind. That is, dreams represent millions of shots, out of which some accidentally hit the mark of a real occurrence. Few dreams are more usual, with me, than dreams of the death of a friend. Not one of these ever hit the mark, no friend died even near the date of the dream. But if a friend's death did coincide with one of these dreams, one would only reckon it as an accident, a fluke. On the other hand, false appearances of the absent to the living must be reckoned, at most, by hundreds, not, like dreams, by millions. Therefore, a sufficient proportion of the coincidences of the death of the person seen when absent would raise a presumption that there was some relation to cause and effect between the dying of A. and the false appearance of A. to B. It is, therefore, impossible to cite the opinion of Mr. Sidgwick as to false appearances of the dying to the waking, as *proof* ('a mighty big word') of the existence of prophetic dreams. Surely anybody can understand this:

Dream-shots	1,000,000
Bull's-eyes	10
Waking appearances	100
Bull's-eyes	25

Mr. Hutchinson expresses the lowest opinion of the powers of attention, and the knowledge of readers (pp. 22, 23). But they *must*, I think, see that it is here merely a question of the odds. The successes of dreams are very few out of myriads of shots. The successes of false appearances to the wide awake are given as a good proportion out of very few shots. Mr. Hutchinson's collaborator argues, as I understand, that what is said of waking false appearances is true of the dreams of sleep.

* * *

Take a case. A friend, a surgeon, had a patient in hospital suffering from a dangerous abscess. My friend determined to operate, and, the night before the operation, dreamed that he extracted a large seed of wild barley grass. He performed the operation, found no such thing, and the patient continued to suffer. My friend, therefore, re-examined the seat of the mischief; he found and extracted the seed of wild barley grass, and the patient recovered. This was last year. Now as my friend probably

dreams every night of his life, how can he tell whether the dream bull's-eye shot was an accident, or whether it came from a forgotten guess at the cause of the abscess (very improbable), or whether it was really clairvoyant? If there are premonitory dreams, then absolutely the whole fabric of popular metaphysics and psychology is upset, and Free Will is the merest absurdity. To that pretty kettle of fish would Science and Morals be reduced. But the seed of grass dream, of course, was not prophetic. The seed was there already. Finally, Mr. Hutchinson is not responsible for the logic of his collaborator.

* * *

A correspondent kindly sends the enclosed astonishing scrap of folk-lore from Tennyson's county. I rather think that the Folk-lore Society have published the rhyme, received from the same authority. But it was new to myself, and doubtless will be to many:

'I wonder if you have ever seen the following charm for ague, which I believe I may claim to have rescued from the midden of the past myself.

'I am a North Lincolnshire man by birth and upbringing, and, thanks to my dear mother, always keep open eyes and ears for folk-lore.

'We used to have a lot of ague about when I was a lad, and my mother dosed the village folk with quinine. She sent me one day with a bottle to the house of an old grandame whose grandson was down with "the shivers."

'But when I produced it she said:

"Naay, lad, I knaws tew a soight better cure than yon mucky stuff."

'And with that she took me round to the foot of his bed, an old four-post. There on the bottom board were fixed three horse-shoes, points upwards (of course) with a hammer laid "sloshways" over them. Taking it in her hand she said:

Feyther, Son, an' Holy Ghoast,
Naale t' owd divvel tew this poast;
Throice I stroikes with holy crock,
With this mell I throice du knock,
One for God,
An' one for Wod,
An' one for Lok.

'Is not it an extraordinary instance of a minglemangle of old

Norse Paganism and Christianity? Thor's Mell and Christ's Cross. The Christian Trinity, and Thor, Woden, and Loki.'

* * *

That Thor, Woden, and Loki should be remembered, even in a population partly of Norse origin, is so unexpected that I have tried to explain it away. Thor is not named, though his hammer is: 'Wod' *might* be a nonsense rhyme, but 'Lok,'—I am unable to explain away Lok, and he brings the others in his train. If this is all right, what a 'malady of not marking' sermons and Bible readings the Lincolnshire people must have!

ANDREW LANG.

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